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THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS

FOURTH BOOK

HARVEY



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**"SAIL ON, SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE !
SAIL ON, O UNION, STRONG AND GREAT!"**

THE AMERICAN NORMAL READERS

BY
MAY LOUISE HARVEY

FOURTH BOOK

(REVIEWED AND APPROVED)



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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The
American Normal Readers
by
MAY LOUISE HARVEY

First Book	For first year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 144 pp.
Second Book	For second year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 168 pp.
Third Book	For third year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 224 pp.
Fourth Book	For fourth year in school. Illustrated in color and in black and white. 352 pp.
Fifth Book	For fifth year in school. Illustrated in black and white. 416 pp.

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TO THE CHILDREN

As you are all sitting quietly at work in your school-room this morning, suppose a gentle tap should come at your door and you should see standing there a pleasant looking visitor who might be a stranger to you but whom your teacher might know very well. She would probably invite him to come in, and she might, perhaps, ask him to speak a few words to the children. Then, if he should tell you an interesting and instructive story or sing for you a charming song, showing you in every way that he wished to please you and to be your friend, I am sure you would be delighted and would listen attentively to all he should say.

Now this little book has been invited by your teacher to come in and to tell you many things which she thinks you will be glad to know. I hope very much that it will please you and will prove to be a true friend.

You will find here stories of many kinds: tales of adventure and of fairyland, true stories about countries far away and about the people in those foreign lands, about places in your own country which, perhaps, you have never seen, about boys and girls like you, and about famous men and women, who have lived noble lives for God and for their fellow-men and whose memory will always be loved and honored because of the good which they have done. You will find, too, many beautiful poems, which are like the songs the stranger would sing for you. These poems will not be hard to understand. You can readily catch the swing of the rhythm, and you will enjoy them as you enjoy music.

I hope you will like all the stories in your book not only for the stories themselves, but also for the meaning in them,—for the thoughts they will bring to your mind.

Books are not all alike, as you know, any more than people are alike, but there are two things which are almost always true of any really good, interesting book: the story is made very real, so real that we can easily imagine the scenes and places described and almost seem to hear the people talking, and also there is a deeper meaning than simply the story itself. Sometimes all of this deeper, richer meaning does not come to us at first, but as we read the story again and think more about it, we understand better what it really means and we enjoy it more and more. The beautiful thoughts in such stories and poems find their way into our very hearts and make us wish to perform some noble deed, to be more honest, more true, more gentle, more courageous than we have ever been. These are the books which are really our friends, for they help us to do our best.

“When we pray, we speak to God;
When we read good books, God speaks to us.”

You wish to learn how to read well, so well that it will be a delight to yourself and to all who listen. Shall I tell you the secret of doing this?

You must first read a lesson over very carefully, looking up all the difficult words in the vocabulary at the back of your book. Study the lesson in this way until you understand it thoroughly and can read it smoothly. Then when you read your part in class, read slowly and distinctly and try to read as if you were the only one who ever heard of the story and as if you were telling it now to your teacher and classmates. If the exact words of any character are given, try to read these just as that person would speak. And finally, sometime in the day, after the class recitation, think again about the story and see how much you can remember to tell in your own way. If the lesson is a poem, perhaps you will copy it neatly and later learn

it by heart, at least some parts of it, those stanzas which you like best.

In this way you will not only learn to read well, but you will soon have a little treasure house of poems and stories in your own mind and as you go on reading and reading you will like books more and more.

Now this new book of yours has come to help you in doing all this. Will you not give it a cordial welcome and think of it as a real friend? It will bring you, I hope, many a happy hour, and it will also introduce you to other books which will be good and pleasant companions and which will prove true friends to you just as long as you live.

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**"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE,
AND WITH CHARITY FOR ALL"**

FOURTH BOOK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Tribute

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

COLUMBUS, the discoverer of our country, and Washington, the father of our country, these two great heroes are known and loved by every boy and girl in America.. Now comes the third and greatest of the makers of our Nation, Abraham Lincoln, the savior of his country, and above all others, *the American*.

His is a marvelous story, boys and girls, a story that we cannot know too well. It tells us how a poor boy, by ways more wonderful and by paths more difficult than were ever trod by hero or prince in fairyland, became at last more powerful than kings and emperors. He was chosen by the people of the whole country as their President to lead them in the time of their greatest peril.

For the boys and girls of America, brought up in the atmosphere of liberty, of justice and of patriotism, Abraham Lincoln has an especial claim to reverence. Fearless, upright, truthful, just and kind, always ready to do the right as God gave him to see the right, he stands a model to all Americans. We may well cherish him in our hearts as the greatest, wisest, noblest, truest man in all the history of our beloved country.

E. S. BROOKS (*Adapted*)

The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln

BEFORE an open wood fire in an old cabin, sits a little boy six or seven years old. In front of him is a rough slab of wood, and in his hand a short stick, which now and again he holds in the fire, until the end is well charred and blackened. With this as a pencil, he then carefully forms letters and words upon the rude board. When he has covered over the entire surface in this way, he shaves it off neatly with his knife, and begins again.

It was indeed the smallest and humblest of homes in which we thus find little Abraham Lincoln busily at work learning to read and to write. There was no light for the little scholar, except that of the fire, flickering and flashing around the room and on the rough logs of the cabin wall. Through great cracks between these logs, the



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

snow and rain and sleet came driving in, so that with all the fire which could be kept roaring up the wide chimney, we should have thought it a cold and dismal place. But Abraham was a happy little fellow, nevertheless, for he had a kind father and a loving mother who, though they were very poor, living in a rough, wild country, wished to do all they could for the welfare of their children.

For us who live in a thriving city or in a pleasant village with many advantages and comforts, it is hard to imagine this childhood home of Abraham Lincoln. It was in the central part of Kentucky, which, a hundred years ago, was almost a wilderness.

This was in the days of the early pioneers. The settlers' cabins stood in "clearings," where the trees had been cut down, and the land smoothed off, so that a little corn could be raised. Bears, panthers, wolves and catamounts lived in the thick shadows of the forest; and among the rocks and caves, the fox had his den and the lynx his lair. No one was safe in these woods without his gun, his ax or his hunting knife. It was Kan-tuck-ee, "the dark and bloody ground," the home of Daniel Boone, most famous of American hunters.

Here in the deep forest, Thomas Lincoln hunted the deer and wild turkey for food for his family. And at home, in the little cabin, the mother attended to her household duties,—baking the corn bread, frying the bacon and dressing the skins of the deer brought down by her husband's rifle, which were to be made into garments for him and for the children. Now and then, she would take the rifle herself, when a bear or a wolf had ventured too near the little home.

Abraham thought his mother could do everything. His earliest recollection of her was of the days when he and his sister sat at her feet listening to her stories with the greatest attention and delight, and trying to learn how to read and to spell.

In the long twilight, after the work of the day was done, she told them the wonderful Bible stories of Abraham,

Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David and many others, but more than all, how Our Lord came to earth and was born in a manger.

By these daily words of instruction, she fixed in the heart of her little son the desire for honor, purity and goodness. She gave him the high purpose and ambition to accomplish something great and noble in the world, which helped him all through his life. Many years after this, he said, "All I am and all I hope to be, I owe to my mother."

Little Abe, as he was called, was five years old when he first attended a school,—not one like yours in your pleasant, comfortable schoolhouse and with your beautiful, new books, but in a poor little log hut, and with nothing but an old spelling book from which to learn to read.

His first teacher was Father Riney, a priest who traveled through the settlements, teaching a few weeks in a place. The people were too poor to pay him anything, but the good man was glad to spend his time for the children, who had so little in that rough, new country to brighten their lonesome lives.

So off to the log schoolhouse, little Abe and his sister trudged every morning, staying all day with just a piece of corn bread for their luncheon. But they could have the advantage even of this school only for a little while, hardly four weeks, for Father Riney was obliged to leave

these children and go on to the next settlement. We can well understand how sorry little Abraham was to say

good-by to his kind teacher, whom he remembered all his life with great reverence and gratitude.



"TREES MUST BE CUT DOWN"

When the boy was about eight years old, his father decided to move to Indiana. He and his family made this long journey on horseback through a trackless forest and over swollen rivers. At night, they tied their horses to trees, and lay down to rest upon the ground.

After seven days of such travel, they came to the place which Mr. Lincoln said was to be their home. But there was no house there at all, only a clump of trees. That night, they were obliged to sleep once more upon the ground under the open sky, and in the morning they all went merrily to work. Here again, trees must be cut down, the land cleared

and a little cabin built. Abe was now a great help to his father, for he was a sturdy little woodsman by this time, able to swing his ax valiantly.

They soon had a log house completed, very much better than the old one in Kentucky. There was only one room to be sure, and no floor but the beaten ground, but there was a chamber for Abraham, made by placing slabs across the logs overhead, to which he climbed on wooden pegs driven into the wall. A crude table, a bedstead and two or three stools were hewn out of the rough logs. This comprised the furniture of the cabin.

It was hard for the settlers to gain a living in those early times, and the assistance even of a little boy like Abraham was needed at home. But between the ages of eight and fourteen, he was able to spend a few more weeks in school. These were at long intervals and only for a little while at a time,—all together they did not amount to so much as one school year,—but they were very precious weeks to him, and he made the most of them.

He was a great favorite with his teachers, for he was perfectly truthful, obedient and persevering; and his schoolmates liked him because he was honest and fair and always ready to take his share of the blame whenever any accident occurred. A leader among the boys, he was also their "peacemaker," as they called him. In any quarrel or dispute, they would

appeal to "Abe," and he could quickly settle the difficulty.

As a boy, Abraham Lincoln was sympathetic with all who were in trouble. He was kind to dumb animals; and would always try to prevent the other boys from being cruel to them. His first composition at school was on "Kindness to Animals," in which he showed that to inflict pain on any creature was cruel, mean and cowardly.

II

All too soon these brief school days were over; and he must go back to steady work, chopping down trees, hoeing corn or splitting rails for fences. But he was hungry for knowledge. During the long evenings, and in every moment he could snatch from his work in the daytime, he read and studied.

He had learned to read with his imagination as well as with his eyes, that is, he tried to picture to himself all that he read, just how everything and everybody looked. In this way, he could remember a great deal, and he often entertained the other boys by reciting long passages from his books.

And he delighted in playing orator. In the midst of the hardest work in the field or the clearing, he would jump upon a stump and set all the boys and men laughing at his comic "stump speeches."

Abraham was so honest that he gained the nickname "Honest Abe," which clung to him all his life. Once, when still a little boy, he had a severe test of his honesty and truthfulness.

Some one had lent him a "Life of Washington." A book like this, telling of all that the famous soldier and President had done for his country, describing the great battles and exciting adventures during the Revolution, was of all others one that would interest Abraham. At night he put it down in a safe place, as he thought, on one of the logs of the cabin wall. But, much to his dismay, he found it in the morning almost ruined. The rain had beaten in and soaked it through and through. He took it directly back to the owner, and told him of the accident.

"Now, sir," said he, "I must pay you for the book. I haven't any money, but I will do any kind of work for you, until you think I have paid for it."

So he promised to cut a whole field of corn, and it took him three days to do it. At the end of the time he carried home the treasure, which he had earned. What boy or girl to-day would like to buy books at such a price?

There are many incidents in his childhood and in his later life, which show us his great kindness of heart and sympathy with the helpless. At one time, we see him driving an ox-team a long journey in very cold weather, a little dog trotting by the side of the wagon. They

come to a river with ice upon its banks and in its surging current, through which the reluctant oxen are struggling.

The little puppy has been left behind, and in great distress is barking and yelping on the bank. As soon as Abe discovers this, he wades back barefooted, takes the dog in his arms, and returns to the wagon. "I cannot bear to see even a puppy in trouble," he says, as he brings the little thing up the bank.

In after years, when he was a prosperous lawyer, he noticed beside the road, as he was riding along, two little fluttering birds, that the wind had blown out of their nest. He jumped from his horse, picked up the tiny birds, and searching about until he found the nest, he gently put them into it. The other lawyers with him laughed at his "foolishness," as they called it, but Lincoln said good-naturedly, "Well, boys, I couldn't have slept, unless I'd got those birds back to their mother."

Abraham Lincoln liked fun and was always ready to take his share in any frolic or adventure. When he was about nineteen, he was employed to take a cargo of corn and other produce down the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers on a flatboat.

This was a great opportunity to earn some money and also to have a real pleasure trip. Another boy about his age was to accompany him, but Abraham was to be the

captain of the craft. The flatboat was loaded up, and the boys set off in high glee.

When the weather was pleasant, they had a fine time, floating along through the country, so new and strange to them. They cooked the corn bread, and fried the bacon by a fire on the sand in the bottom of the boat. At night, they moored the boat, spread a blanket on deck and slept soundly till morning.

One night, they had tied the boat as usual, and were fast asleep, when they were awakened by a band of lawless negroes, who were climbing on board to steal the produce. The boys leaped to their feet, and quickly drove them off the boat and into the woods. After that, they decided that for the remainder of their journey they would anchor at night in mid-stream. The flatboat trip to New Orleans was a successful one. The two boys sold the cargo, disposed of the boat, and came back up the river by steamer.

This was the boyhood life of Abraham Lincoln, a life of poverty, hard work and little play. He did not love work, but yet he worked. He was plucky and persevering, always pleasant, happy and helpful, and so he learned the lessons of self-denial, independence and patience, which were to make him the large-hearted, strong and kindly man he afterwards became. His own life had been a battle with hardship and privation, and his heart went

out to every needy and struggling being. He lived not for himself, but for his fellowmen.

When he took his place at the head of the Union, at the helm of what we call the Ship of State, he was able to pilot that Ship through stormy seas. "With malice toward none, and with charity for all," he served his country in her greatest need, he served the whole human race, and he served God.



LOST: THE SUMMER
HERE has the summer gone?
She was here just a minute ago.
With roses and daisies
To whisper her praises,
And every one loved her so!

Has any one seen her about?
She must have gone off in the night!
And she took the best flowers,

And the happiest hours,
And asked no one's leave for her flight.

Have you noticed her steps in the grass?
The garden looks red where she went;
By the side of the hedge
There's a goldenrod edge,
And the rose-vines are withered and bent.

Do you think she will ever come back?
I shall watch every day at the gate
For the robins and clover,
Saying over and over:
"I know she will come if I wait."

R. M. ALDEN

A CAVALCADE

"Thistledown, thistledown, whither away?
Will you not longer abide?"
"Nay, we have wedded the winds to-day
And home with the rovers we ride."

JOHN B. TABB



A HASTY JUDGMENT

CHARACTERS: A SKYLARK and ALAUDA, his pretty little mate, a GRASSHOPPER and a FAIRY. The lark is a cheerful little bird, but there is one thing which makes him very unhappy; his spurs are long and sharp, and he fears that people will think him cross and cruel. He wonders what those dreadful spurs were made for.

The GRASSHOPPER is a kind, pleasant little creature, a great friend of the lark's. They both try to see only the best in every one they know.

The FAIRY has a very different disposition. She is fault-finding and unkind, and as she flies from field to field she is very prone to say ill-natured things about her neighbors, and as a consequence, she herself is almost always discontented and unhappy.

SCENE I

(A mossy bank near a river where the FAIRY sits, trying to select some snapdragon blossoms for her slippers. These blossoms make the very best slippers for fairies, but she is hard to please, and has great difficulty in getting any exactly to her taste.)



The GRASSHOPPER enters chirping merrily.)

AIRY (*looking up*). Oh, how do you do, Grasshopper?

GRASSHOPPER. Thank you, I am very well and very happy; people are always kind to me.

FAIRY. Indeed? I wish they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome lark who had the good fortune to find such a pretty brown mate a few weeks ago? Did you ever notice his long spurs, Grasshopper? He must be very ill-natured. Oh, these hateful little blossoms! They do not fit me at all.

GRASSHOPPER. Skylark is not a quarrelsome bird, indeed. I wish you would not speak so about him.

FAIRY (*laughing*). Oh, well, we need not dispute about it. I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know a few things—depend upon it. Your friend, the lark, does not wear those long spurs for nothing.

GRASSHOPPER. Well, I don't think it is best to be suspicious of any one, and as for Skylark, I know him very well, and the more I know him, the better I like him. It is so with most people. But come, if you have found some slippers which please you, let us go off and call on the larks. Alauda will be glad to see us, and Skylark will entertain us with his singing. He sings beautifully. Will you come?

(*They go off together to the other side of the meadow.*)

SCENE II

(*A grassy slope near the hedge where the larks built their nest. Alauda sitting near in a dejected attitude, her feathers*

rumpled, her head drooping and her little limbs trembling with fear.)

ALAUDA (*sadly*). Oh! my pretty nest, those dear little eggs! I am so miserable about them—they will be trodden upon; they will certainly be destroyed.

(*Enter, the FAIRY and the GRASSHOPPER.*)

ALAUDA. Dear Grasshopper, I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge, and the farmer said that to-morrow he should begin to cut the grass in this meadow. They will certainly step on the nest and crush it.

GRASSHOPPER. That is a great pity. What a sad thing it was that you made your nest on the ground.

ALAUDA. Larks always do. I am sure I should not know how to make a fine nest like those in the hedges and in the trees. We always nest on the ground, and now my pretty eggs will surely be broken.

GRASSHOPPER. It is too bad, Alauda. I do wish we could help you in some way.

(*SKYLARK has been joyously singing high in the air, but now drops down to the ground near the nest.*)

SKYLARK. Why, why, Alauda! What can be the matter?

ALAUDA. Oh, Skylark, the farmer is going to cut this

grass to-morrow and our nest
will surely be destroyed, the
precious eggs will be broken.
Isn't it terrible?

SKYLARK. What, the grass
cut, and our nest destroyed?
No, no, that is too dreadful.
Let me think. Perhaps I can
do something.

ALAUDA (*sighing*). If I only had
laid my eggs on the other side of
the hedge in the midst of
the grain, there would have
been plenty of
time to rear the
little birds before
harvest time.

(**S K Y L A R K**
*meantime stands
thoughtfully gaz-
ing at his long
spurs. He lifts
first one foot, and
then the other, examining the spurs very carefully; then his
eyes brighten with hope and pleasure.*)



SKYLARK. My dear, do not be unhappy. I think I can carry the eggs over into the next field. Let me see if I can't take one up with my spurs. I will do it very carefully.

ALAUDA. Oh! they just fit, the spurs just fit. Isn't that splendid? Oh, Skylark, how clever you are! Do you really think you can carry them over to a safe place?

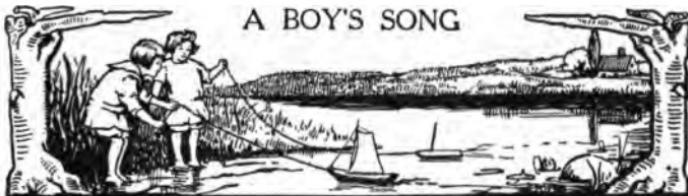
SKYLARK. Yes, indeed, I am sure of it. Nothing more easy. I believe it is just what these spurs were made for. I never understood before and I have always thought them very ugly. But never mind if they are ugly; they are just right for carrying the little eggs. So don't worry any more, Alauda. I will find a nice little hollow in the grain field and then come back for the others.

GRASSHOPPER. Hurrah! hurrah! Skylark forever. I knew he was not ill-natured even if he did have spurs.

(The FAIRY looks on in silence while SKYLARK carries the eggs very carefully one by one into the next field. After calling ALAUDA to come to the nest, he flies joyfully up into the sky again, singing his exultant song, for he is once more "as happy as a lark.")

FAIRY (aside). Well, well, whoever could have imagined that? I do believe Grasshopper is right after all. I will not be suspicious of others after this, and I certainly will never judge any one by appearances again.

JEAN INGELOW (Adapted)



Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

And this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, along the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.



HIE AWAY

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the maiden fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BROTHER BEAVER'S STORY

(As told by himself)

THERE were beavers around Lost Creek. Of that I was very sure, and I had set a trap for one five or six nights but without success. One morning I was gazing down at my empty trap in my disappointment and wondering how I could secure my prize, when a fine old beaver came suddenly out of the water. "How do you do, Mr. Man?" said he. "I suppose you are out to take the air this fine morning. It is a beautiful day."

This embarrassed me very much. I would not tell a falsehood about it, but I certainly did not want to acknowledge that I had come to set a trap for him or for some member of his family. So I remained silent, which was about the only thing I could do. Nevertheless, he seemed to understand the situation perfectly, and he showed his disapproval very plainly.

"Can you not find something better to do," asked he, "than hunting and trapping innocent creatures? If you wanted to eat us, we should not object so much nor blame you, for of course people must live. But I suppose you are trying to catch us merely that you may steal our coats. Do you think that is an honorable thing to do? Listen, and I will tell you our opinion of it all, and I am sure that any sensible animal would agree with us.

"A hundred years ago, beavers were very numerous through all the northern states. We could build our comfortable houses around any pond we pleased, and there we could live and enjoy life, for there was little to make us afraid.

"But times were sadly changed when men began to come near our villages. They wanted to use our beautiful fur to make beaver hats and caps, muffs and gloves. Savage, dreadful traps like that of yours were set for us, and there was no longer any safety anywhere.

"We were obliged to leave our houses, on which we had expended so much time and care, and to go farther and farther back into the wildest, loneliest places. And yet we are not safe. This pond is miles and miles away from any house or railroad, and still you have discovered it and are trying to put us to death. It is an outrage.

"And see how we have improved this place. When we first came here, the pond was not large enough for our purpose, so we set ourselves at once to the work of making it larger."

"Why, how could you make it larger?" I inquired.

"You may well ask that," said he. "Well, we built a dam across the creek to keep back the water and so to broaden and deepen the pond. This was a fine piece of work. Your engineers with all their skill could not have

done it better. A beaver is a woodchopper, an architect, an engineer and a mason all in one.

"First, we had to gnaw down a great many trees, some small, some quite large. We often cut into a tree in such a way as to make it fall in the direction in which we want to carry the wood. This sometimes saves a good deal of work. When the tree falls, we run and, diving under the water, swim to our lodges, lest some enemy, hearing the noise, should catch us unawares.



BUILDING A DAM

"When all is still again, we come out and, like good craftsmen, trim off the branches and cut all the wood into short pieces. These we pull and push to the mouth of the creek, and lay in place. Then we bring loads of mud,

which we pile in to fill up all the spaces, pounding it in hard with our tails. You men say sometimes that you work like beavers, but you have very little idea how hard we beavers really do work. Why, man, ten of us toiled all night long for one hundred nights to make that one little dam. When it was all finished, we began work on our houses."

"I do not see your houses," said I. "Where are they?"

"Oh, haven't you noticed them? Well, I will point them out to you. You see those low piles of brush and mud over there? Those are the tops of our houses, and more cosy little homes you certainly never saw. The roofs are firm and strong. Sometimes, when the mud freezes on top, they are so solid you could hardly break through them with an ax."

"How do you get into the lodge?" I inquired.

"Our doorways and halls are near the bottom of the pond entirely out of sight. We make these entrances so far below the surface of the water that they are always free from ice even in the most severe frost. One of the halls, about two feet wide, leads directly to the basement. It is by this doorway that we usually bring in our supplies of food and the materials for our beds. The other doorway leads from the third story of the lodge. This hall is much shorter and steeper than the other and is crooked.

"Many of you men have wondered greatly over this,

puzzled to know why we make this passage crooked. But do you not see that the weasel, which is our chief enemy, has much ado as he pursues us, to twist his long body around the sharp turns, while we can whisk away at a good round pace. By this exit we can leave our lodges very quickly.

"There are always three stories in each house. You, who think so much of sunlight and fresh air, would not consider the rooms light or especially well ventilated, but we keep them daintily clean and neat. All beavers have a great regard for cleanliness.

"In two of the chambers we have our beds of bark and leaves, and the basement we use for a storeroom. We need plenty of food, for we do not sleep all winter as many animals do. So we always lay in a good supply of roots and the bark of green willow, birch and poplar.

"In the summer we work hard, making and repairing dams and getting in our supplies. Sometimes we pause to play awhile, rolling and basking in the sunlight, but even when we are idle we are ever on the alert to catch the faintest noise. Two beavers lying down to rest must always face each other so that one can warn the other of approaching danger.

"In winter we take a long rest, but sometimes we swim around under the ice, for there is nothing so pleasant and healthful as exercise, you know. Hunters and Indians,

who are familiar with the habits of all the furry folk of the forest, try to catch us at these times, but they seldom succeed.

"Our children stay with us two years, and then they go out and make homes of their own farther down stream. They always go down where larger dams must be built, and extra labor is required. It is right and reasonable that the strong young beavers should do the hardest, heaviest work. Old beavers may go up stream where the work will be easier.

"When a pair of young beavers set up housekeeping for themselves, we make a jolly 'building bee' for them; that is, we all go and help them build their new house. The beaver law forbids laziness and theft. Each one must work and no beaver shall steal from another's woodpile."

"What do you do," I asked, "if your lodges are attacked?"

"Our houses are not often disturbed, but our dams are frequently broken and have to be repaired. If we are hunted down in our homes, we can usually escape, for we have three or four tunnels to other parts of the pond. We are very quick, and we can swim well, for, as you see, our hind feet are very large, and are webbed like those of a duck. We have the sharpest teeth of all small animals, and if one of them wears out with so much gnawing, another will grow in its place."

"I do not see how you carry so much mud," said I.

"I will tell you. Look at our long, flat tails. These tails will carry loads of heavy clay, very large loads, too. When we work, we form in line, each beaver loading the tail of the one in front. Then we swim off to the dam. As you see, we all help one another. We think this is the only civilized way to live.

"Our tails are very convenient, too, as an alarm signal. While we are at work, we always have one beaver to keep watch. If he thinks there is danger, this sentry dives under the water, and as a warning to us all, he brings his tail down with a quick, sharp blow. The signal can be heard for a long distance. We all hear it and heed its warning. Spat! spat! spat! go the tails as each beaver disappears under the water.

"If we are not molested, we do not care to travel far, but sometimes we have to make long journeys by land in search of a new home. It is a great pity, that even for your own sake, you do not let us cut down all the trees we like and work in our own way, for we do you a great deal of good.

"Perhaps now that I have taken you so much into my confidence, you will see things more from our point of view, and will leave us unmolested. I trust you will excuse me now, sir, for these are very busy days with us. The winter this year will set in early. We must have a large supply of food and we are anxious to store it in good

season, so I must bid you good morning. I hope you will enjoy your walk."

With that the old fellow disappeared, and I made up my mind I would never trouble these honest, hardworking little people again.

BOB WHITE

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little mate and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

GEORGE COOPER

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TAXGATHERER



"**A**ND pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
Of honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"

JOHN B. TABB



From the painting by Hobbema

THE WATER MILL

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
“I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said old King Hal,
“As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m the king,
Beside the river Dee.”

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
“I can earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee

That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,
“Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown.
Thy mill my kingdom’s fee;
Such men as thou are England’s boast,
O miller of the Dee!”

CHARLES MACKAY



THE MIST



THE sun had just set. The frog was croaking his evening song, which took so long that there seemed to be no end to it. The bee crept into her hive, and the little children cried because it was bedtime. The flowers closed their petals and bent their heads. The bird hid his beak under his wing, and the stag lay down to rest in the tall, soft grass of the glade.

The bells of the village church rang in the night, and when that was done, the old sexton went home, chatted a little with the villagers who were taking their evening stroll, bade them good night and shut his door.

By and by, it was quite still and darkness fell. There was still a light in the pastor's house and at the doctor's. But at the farmhouses it was dark, for the farmers rise early in the summer and therefore have to go early to bed.

Then the stars shone forth in the sky, and the moon

rose higher and higher. A dog barked down in the village. But he was certainly dreaming, for there was really nothing to bark at.

"Is any one here?" asked the mist.

But no one answered, for there was no one there. So the mist went on in his light, gleaming clothes. He danced over the meadows, up and down, to and fro. Now he would lie quite still for a while, and then begin to dance again. He skipped across the pond and into the wood, where he flung his long, wet arms round the trunks of the trees.

"Who are you, friend?" asked the night-scented rocket, who stood and distilled her perfume for her own pleasure.

The mist did not reply, but went on dancing.

"I asked who you were," said the rocket. "And, as you don't answer me, I conclude that you are an ill-natured churl."

"I'll conclude *you!*!" said the mist. And he lay down round the night-scented rocket, till her petals were dripping wet. "Hi! Hi!" screamed the rocket. "I feel as if I had been dipped in the pond. You needn't be so angry, just because I ask you who you are."

The mist rose up again.

"Who am I?" he repeated. "Why, you wouldn't understand, if I told you."

"Try," said the rocket.

"I am the dewdrop on the flowers, the cloud in the sky, and the mist on the fields," he answered.

"I beg your pardon!" said the rocket. "Would you mind saying that again? Why, I know the dewdrop. He settles on my petals every morning, and I don't see any resemblance between you."

"Ah, I am the dewdrop, for all that!" said the mist, sadly. "But nobody knows me. I have to spend my life in many shapes. Sometimes I am dew, and sometimes I am rain, and sometimes I trickle in the form of a clear, cool spring, through the wood. But when I dance over the meadow in the evening, then people say that the mist is rising."

"That's a queer story," said the rocket. "Have you any more to tell me? The night is long and sometimes I feel a little bored."

"It is a sad story," answered the mist. "But you shall hear it if you like." And he lay down a few steps from the rocket, and began his story.

"I was born deep down in the ground," he said, "much deeper than your roots grow. I and my brothers—for you must know that we are a big family,—came into the world in the shape of clear, crystal spring water, and lay long in our hiding place. But, one day, we sprang suddenly from under a gentle hill, into the midst of the full, bright sunshine. Believe me, it was delightful to run through

the wood. We rippled over the stones and splashed against the banks. Dear little fishes played among us, and the trees bent over us and reflected their green splendor. If a leaf fell, we rocked it and caressed it and bore it into the wide world. Oh, how delightful it was! It was really the happiest time of my life."

"Shall I soon hear how you came to be mist?" asked the night-scented rocket, impatiently. "I know the brook. On a very still night, I can hear her babbling from where I stand."

The mist rose and took a little dance across the meadow. Then he came back and continued: "That is the worst of this world; we are never satisfied with what we have. For instance, we ran on and on until, at last, we came to a big lake, where the water lilies rocked on the water, and the dragon flies buzzed around on their great stiff wings. On the surface, the water was as clear as a mirror; but whether we wanted to or not, we had to run along the bottom, and there it was dark and dismal. I could not bear it. I longed for the sunbeams. I knew them so well from the time when I ran in the brook. Now they looked down upon us through the leaves and cast a bright light over me. I wanted to see them again, and, therefore, I crept up to the surface and lay down in the sunshine among the white water lilies and their big, green leaves. But oh, how the sun burnt up the lake! It was almost

unendurable and I bitterly regretted that I had not remained at the bottom."

"All this is very dull," said the rocket. "When are we coming to the mist?"

"Here he is!" said the mist, and lay down around the flower, who almost lost her breath.

"Hi! Hi!" screamed the rocket. "You're the roughest playfellow I know. Go away, and tell your story in your own manner if you must."

"In the evening, when the sun had gone down, I suddenly became wonderfully light," said the mist. "I don't know how it happened, but I felt that I must rise up and fly away from the lake. And, in fact, before I knew it, I was hovering over the water, away from the dragon flies and the water lilies. The evening wind carried me along; I flew high in the air and there I met many of my brothers, who had been as inquisitive as I, and had met with the same fortune. We were wafted up to the sky; we had turned to clouds. Do you understand?"

"I am not quite sure," said the rocket. "It does not sound very probable."

"But it's true, for all that," said the mist. "Now listen. The wind carried us for some time through the sky. Then suddenly he grew tired of us and let us go. And we fell down upon the earth in pouring rain. The flowers lost no time in closing their petals and the birds

took shelter, all except the ducks and geese, who were the better pleased the wetter it was. Oh, and the farmer too! He stood rejoicing, because his crops needed rain. He did not care how wet he got. But, otherwise, we really caused a great disturbance."

"Ah, so you're the rain, too, are you?" asked the night-scented rocket. "I say, you seem to have plenty to do."

"Yes; I never have any rest," said the mist.

"All the same, I haven't yet heard how you became mist," said the rocket. "Now don't fly into a passion again; you promised to tell me and I would rather hear the whole story over again than once more shiver in your damp arms."

The mist lay and wept for a moment and then continued:

"When I had fallen on the ground as rain, I sank through the black earth and was glad to think I was returning to my native place, the deep, subterranean source. There at least I had known peace and been free from cares. But just as I was sinking, the roots of the trees sucked me up again and, all day long, I had to wander around in the branches and the leaves. They used me as a beast of burden, you see. I had to drag up from the roots all the



food that the leaves and the flowers needed. I was not free until the evening. When the sun had gone down, all the trees and flowers heaved deep sighs and in their sighs my brothers and I were sent forth as a light, gleaming mist. At night, we dance over the fields. But in the morning, when the sun rises, we turn into beautiful, clear dewdrops and come and hang on your petals. Then you shake us off, and we sink deeper and deeper until we come to the source where we were born, unless some root or other snatches us up on the way. And so it goes on; through the brook, into the lake, up in the sky, and back again to earth."

"Stop!" cried the rocket. "It makes my head swim to listen to you."

Now the frog began to stir. He stretched his legs and went down to the ditch to take his morning bath. The birds began to chirp in the wood and the stag belled among the trees.

Morning began to break and the sun peeped over the hill. "What's this?" he said, "What does it all mean? One can't see one's hand before one's eyes. Morning wind! Up with you, you sluggard, and blow that mist away."

And the morning wind flew across the fields and blew away the mist. At the same moment, the sun sent his first rays straight down upon the night-scented rocket.

"Hullo!" said the flower. "Here's the sun! Now I

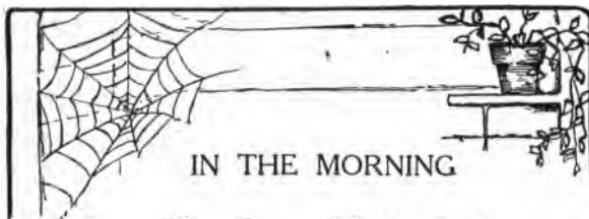
must be quick and close my petals. Where in the name of wonder has the mist gone?"

"Here I am," said the dewdrop hanging from her stalk. But the night-scented rocket shook her head fretfully.

"Tell that to the children," she said. "I don't believe a word of all you've said. You're just water and nothing more."

"You're right enough there!" said the sun. And he laughed.

CARL EWALD



IN THE MORNING
Everything shone with the dewdrops
That sparkling and trembling lay
Scattered to left and to right.

And the webs of the spiders were hung
Thickly with pearls and diamonds;
Light in the wind they swung.

SELECTED

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

Then Moses and the Children of Israel sung this canticle to the Lord and said: Let us sing to the Lord; for He is gloriously magnified; the horse and the rider He hath thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and my praise; He is my God, and I will glorify Him; the God of my father, and I will exalt Him.

Who is like to Thee among the strong, O Lord? Who is like to Thee, glorious in holiness, terrible and praiseworthy, doing wonders? The Lord shall reign forever and ever.

So Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances: And she began the song to them saying: Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified; the horse and his rider He hath thrown into the sea.

EXODUS XV: 1, 11, 18, 20, 21

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free!

Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—

How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!

His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free! THOMAS MOORE

THE TAKING OF JERICHO

AFTER their great deliverance from Egypt and the passage of the Red Sea, the Children of Israel continued their journey toward the Promised Land. But they were not allowed to enter it at once. They were only just beginning to be a nation, and were often wanting in faith and obedience to God, without which no nation can be truly great. So, in order to strengthen them in these virtues, God caused them to wander for forty years in the wilderness. Often, they forgot God and sinned against Him, and often, God punished them for their sins. All this time, Moses was their leader and lawgiver. Through His servant, Moses, God was teaching them to know and to serve Him.

At last they came to the lands east of the Jordan River, and having conquered the kings of that country, they settled there for a time. Just across the Jordan was the city of Jericho, and this was the first city which they would have to attack after passing over into the Promised Land.

Moses was now dead, and in his place Josue was the leader and general of Israel. Moses had done his great work; he had brought the people out of Egypt and had given them the laws of God. He had made them a nation, had formed an army, and had led them to the very entrance of the Promised Land.

One day, he had gone up to the top of Mt. Nebo and

had looked over to the land beyond the river. There it lay, a beautiful country of hills and valleys, with vineyards and olive trees and streams of water and walled cities. There Abraham and Isaac and Jacob had pastured their flocks, and there the Children of Israel, whom the Lord had led out of bondage, were to establish their homes.

Below, the people were waiting and waiting as they had waited at Mt. Sinai for Moses to come down, but this time he did not come. On the mountain top alone with God, he died. And now Josue was to lead Israel into the land which God had promised them.

Before crossing the river, Josue sent two spies over to Jericho to find out all they could about the city and its inhabitants. The name Jericho means the "fragrant place." It was called "the city of palm trees." The city had about it a wall with strong gates, as was usual in the old time. Many Eastern cities still have walls, and the gates are shut every evening as the sun goes down. The gates of Jericho were kept shut now day and night for fear of the Israelites.

However, the spies disguised themselves, and made their way into the city, and found a house where they could lodge close to the city gate. But some one had seen them and reported to the king, and the king sent at once to their lodging place to take them. The woman of the house, whose name was Rahab, was very good to the spies.

She led them up to the roof and hid them under stalks of flax, which were spread out there to dry in the sun, and the king's men could not find them.

After the pursuers had gone, Rahab took a stout rope and let the spies down out of the window, and they escaped to the hills. There they hid for three days, until the men of Jericho had given up the search; then they crossed the river to the camp. They told Josue that they were sure the Israelites could conquer, for the people of Jericho were all very much afraid of them.

Then Josue prepared at once to cross the river. He sent heralds through the camp to tell the people what to do, and the march was begun as he commanded them. The priests went on first, carrying the Ark of the Covenant, in which were the Ten Commandments cut in stone, and all the people followed.

Again a great miracle was performed, as at the Red Sea, for when the priests touched the water, the river was divided so that the people marched over on dry land. And in the middle of the river, the priests stood with the Ark, until all the people had passed over.

And they took twelve stones out of the river where the priests had stood, and set them in the place where they pitched their camp that night. Josue commanded them to do this, saying, "When your children shall ask you to-morrow, 'What mean these stones?' you shall answer

*Raphael*

THE TAKING OF JERICHO

them: ‘The waters of the Jordan ran off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, when it passed over the same; therefore were these stones set for a monument of the Children of Israel forever.’”

Then the Israelites prepared to encamp before Jericho and take the city. The Lord said to Josue, “Behold I have given into thy hands Jericho and the king thereof and all the valiant men.” It was not the people’s own power that would throw down the walls, but the power of God, the power that had divided the Red Sea and the Jordan River for the Children of Israel to pass over.

And Josue commanded all Israel to form a procession. At the head were the armed men, then seven priests with trumpets, then the Ark, followed by all the people.

In this way, they were to march around the city; the priests were to blow with the trumpets, but the people must be silent until they heard the command to shout. "You shall not shout, nor shall your voice be heard, nor any word go out of your mouth, until the day come, wherein I shall say to you, 'Cry and shout.'"

So, very early in the morning, they rose and marched around the city, and this they did every day for six days, and the seventh day they marched around seven times. And at the end of the seventh time, the priests blew with their trumpets, and Josue said to all Israel, "Shout, for the Lord hath delivered the city to you." And the people raised a great shout and the walls of Jericho fell, and the armed men rushed in and took the city.

Thus the Children of Israel began the conquest of the Promised Land. There were many battles with heathen tribes after this, but the Israelites conquered and drove back their enemies, for the Lord their God was with them.

He remembered His holy word, which He had spoken to His servant Abraham. . . . And He brought forth His people with joy, and His chosen with gladness. . . . And He gave them the lands of the Gentiles, that they might seek after His law.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord: the people, whom He hath chosen for His inheritance.

PSALMS CIV, 42-45; XXXII, 12

WILLIAM TELL, THE HERO OF SWITZERLAND



IN the central part of Switzerland lies a long, crooked lake called Lake Lucerne. On every side, lofty mountains rise from the water's edge. The shores are covered with dense forests, while higher up the mountain sides lie fields of ice and snow.

The hunters and shepherds who live around this lake have always loved their free, wild, mountain home. They pasture their flocks in the narrow valleys, or they hunt the chamois over the rugged mountains.

Here lived, seven hundred years ago, a famous hunter named William Tell. Late one autumn evening, he was returning to his home, his crossbow over his shoulder and his chamois skins by his side. He could hear a fisherman singing in his boat by the shore. He could hear the music of sheep bells far away and the song of the shepherd boy high up on the mountain side.

"Ye meadows, farewell,
Ye bright sunny pastures,
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.

"We'll clamber the Alp. We'll return with the springtime,
When the cuckoo calls, and the woods are in chime,
When the earth with flowers is clothèd gay,
And the brooklets ripple in loveliest May.

"Ye meadows, farewell,
Ye bright sunny pastures,
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone."

All this seemed very pleasant to William Tell, but he was sad and worried. Soon he came to his own rude, little cottage at the foot of a mountain; he lifted the latch and entered.

There, what a picture of comfort and good cheer met his gaze! A bright fire was burning on the hearth; the floor of hard earth had been newly swept; the table was spread with a clean cloth of the goodwife's own spinning; and the wooden bowls and spoons of snowy whiteness had been neatly laid for supper; a kettle of fish soup was steaming over the fire and oaten cakes were baking on the hearth.

Two little boys, William and Walter, were playing with a crossbow in the chimney corner. They jumped up and ran to greet their father, as he threw down his bow and load of skins.

"Hedwig," said he to his wife, "you know the sad state of Switzerland. You know how this cruel king and Gessler, the governor, oppress us. The good laws, which

were made for our comfort, have been set aside. We must defend our rights. By the love we bear our country, by the love we bear our children, it is our duty, goodwife, to defend our rights. I have this day met a band of my countrymen, trusty and true. We are trying to form some plan for the defense of our beloved land."

"My bowstring is broken," cried little Walter. "Come and fix it for me, Father."

"No, indeed, not I. The trusty Bowman does not call for help. He helps himself," replied William Tell.

"But what new thing has happened?" asked Hedwig.
"What more has Gessler done?"

"You have heard our good pastor read in the Scripture about the prophet Daniel," said William Tell. "You remember about the golden image that the cruel king had set up. He commanded all people to bow before that image, and he said that those who would not bow should be thrown into a fiery furnace. Do you remember, goodwife?"

"Yes, I remember, but what has that to do with our cruel ruler, Gessler?"

"He imitates the foolishness of that king," said Tell. "He has set on a pole in the market place, an empty hat. And he declares that all who pass the hat must bow down before it, or be put to death. It is thus they are to pay him reverence and honor.

"Some laugh and joke about this thing. They say, 'We often bow before an empty head. Why need we care about the empty hat?' I cannot so degrade myself. Shall I, a free man, stoop to such a deed? No, never! never!"

"But why need you go there at all?" asked Hedwig.

"I wish to sell the chamois skins to-morrow at the fair," answered Tell, "and besides, I have made a promise that I will be there. This scarecrow of a hat shall not keep me from our capital city. I have a right to go there whenever I choose to do so. But, never fear, goodwife. I will not run into danger needlessly."

The next day at the fair, William Tell with Walter by his side was hurrying past the market place.

"Stop!" cried the captain of the guard. "You must pay homage to the governor. You must bow before the hat, or suffer death for your disobedience."

"I am not doing anything unlawful," said Tell. "Why should I be put to death?"

"Traitor," shouted Gessler coming up, "do you dare thus to insult my commands? Lead him away to prison. But stop, I will be merciful. I hear that you are the best marksman in the country."

"That is true, my lord," said little Walter. "My father can hit an apple on a tree a hundred steps away. No one can shoot like my father."

"Very well then," said Gessler. "We will place this apple on your boy's head, and you shall shoot at eighty steps away. If you hit the apple, I will spare your life."

"What! Shoot an apple from the head of my child? No, no, I would rather die," cried Tell.

"You must obey my command," answered the tyrant. "Your child shall be slain before your eyes if you do not shoot. And let me warn you. Aim well and strike the apple at a single shot."

"Shoot, Father, I am not afraid. See, I will stand as still as any lamb. I do not fear the arrow from your hand. Quick, Father, shoot and hit."

"It is Heaven's will," said William Tell, praying in his heart to One who governs all things.

Then he chose an arrow with the greatest care, raised the bow, and slowly drew back the string.

A loud shout burst from the crowd. Could it be true? Yes, the apple had fallen, the child was still alive.

"God has answered my prayer. Blessed be His Holy Name!" cried the pious archer as he clasped his boy in his arms.

"I have given my word of honor that I will spare your life," said Gessler, "and I will keep my promise. But well I know that you are a traitor. You shall be sent to prison, for there you can do no harm. Lay hands upon him, men, and bind him fast."



From the painting in Tell's Chapel

"LAY HANDS UPON HIM"

On this, the guard seized and bound the brave archer, and hurried him on board a boat. When they were well on their way across the lake, a sudden storm arose. The wind blew with great fury, and the waves rolled and rocked the little boat.

The governor was in terror. He knew that William Tell was as skillful in managing a boat as in using a crossbow, so he ordered him to be unbound. Tell took the rudder, and the boat, guided by his strong hand, righted itself at once. It rode the waves safely, and kept a straight course through the foaming water.



TELL'S CHAPEL ON LAKE LUCERNE

As the prow was passing a high rock which ran out into the lake, the brave man suddenly snatched his bow and, before his enemies were aware, he had leaped on shore. Swiftly he ran up the steep mountain side, and in a moment he was out of sight in the forest.

On his way, he met one of his companions, who had been sent to watch for him. The whole band of patriots were assembled, hidden in the forest, and were waiting for Tell to join them. They were overjoyed to see their leader, and together they made plans to deliver Switzerland from the tyrant.

Soon the whole country was in arms. The forces of the cruel king were defeated everywhere, and the independence of Switzerland was declared.

His grateful countrymen would have chosen Tell to be their ruler, but he would not accept the offer. He wished to be remembered only as the deliverer of Switzerland.

By the shore of Lake Lucerne, a beautiful little chapel has been erected upon the very rock where William Tell is said to have made his famous escape from his enemies. It is in memory of this great national hero and of all his faithful followers who fought so bravely for the defense of their native land.

WILLIAM TELL'S GREETING TO THE MOUNTAINS

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again.
O sacred forms, how fair, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are; how mighty and how free!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

And while these mountains stand upon their base,
So long will be told the story of Tell.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

PRISCILLA WHITE

A Story of 1777

GRANDMA WHITE had just taken the last loaves of bread from the brick oven, and was placing the wooden bread shovel back in its corner. The spring sunshine was streaming into the kitchen, turning the broad stone hearth to a rich golden color and making the mugs and platters on the dresser fairly wink and glow with brightness. A robin, perched in the lilac tree close to the door, was chirping merrily, and a long branch of the purple blossoms was peeping in, as if it would like to enter this cheerful place and take up its abode in the green and gold pitcher that stood upon the mantel.

A patter of footsteps sounded outside; and suddenly a little girl appeared in the doorway, clad in a dark blue cloak, her hood thrown back from her curly head and her eyes wide open with fright. "Oh, Grandmother, the British are crossing Orange Valley, and Mr. Warner says they will camp here by sunset. All the neighbors are going up to the huts on the mountain side. Mr. Warner says we may have two of his horses, and we must hasten to get ready."

"We are very grateful to Neighbor Warner. Indeed, he is a kind man. But calm yourself, Priscilla, and when you have taken breath, child, run down to the mill and call



GRANDMA WHITE'S KITCHEN

your grandfather. Alas, for the aged and the children in these troubulous times!"

With a sad face, the good dame began her preparations for departure, while Priscilla hastily pulled her hood over her curls, and sped down the path to the mill. She met her grandfather just starting homeward.

"Priscilla, child," he said, when he had heard the unwelcome news, "you must not trouble your grandmother with foolish fears, but try to be brave and lend your help like the willing little handmaiden that you are. Remember that all things come from the hand of God."

Priscilla looked up quickly into his face. "But will not

the redcoats destroy our goods and furniture, and perhaps burn our house, Grandfather?"

"I do not know, Priscilla. So far the Lord has spared us and our home, though this cruel war has taken my two sons, my brave, true lads." His voice trembled. "But you, child, are left to comfort our old age, so you must have courage, and help us bear this misfortune."

"Yes, I will, Grandfather," she answered quickly, "I will."

They reached the house and found Dame White busily at work, hiding whatever she could in secret places and piling up household treasures to be taken to the woods. Priscilla was eager to help, and all day long the little maid flitted hither and thither, saving the old people much fatigue by her quick thought and nimble feet.

Late in the afternoon, she was standing on a chair in a large closet upstairs to get down her grandmother's cloak, which would be needed on the journey, when her eyes fell upon her grandfather's inkhorn and pen lying on a shelf.

As she had gone about from room to room in the old house all day, the fear had come to her again and again that they were leaving that dear home forever. The thought of rough soldiers rudely tramping through the rooms, and of her grandparents wandering homeless and desolate filled her eyes with tears. It was more than they could bear. What could she do?

Now at the sight of the inkhorn and pen, her eyes bright-

ened; she knew what she would do. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that she was not needed just then, hurried back to the chamber, and sat down at the table to write. Slowly and very carefully, the little fingers guided the goose-feather pen along the faint lines of the dark blue paper.

When the task was finished, she raised her flushed face; and, holding out the sheet, she surveyed it critically; then very thoughtfully she read to herself:

"Dear Redcoats:

"If you please, sirs, my name is Priscilla White, and I live in this house with my grandparents. They are peaceable old people, very gentle and kind to friends and foes. I beg you, good Redcoats, do not burn nor ruin our house, but spare us our home. It would be a great favor, and we should be truly thankful. Perhaps you have little daughters at home in England and perhaps you have aged parents. You would be very sorry to see their houses burned and all their property destroyed, and so in love and pity, I pray you, good sirs, spare ours.

"Grandma says you will certainly find the potatoes and salt pork in the cellar. You are very welcome to these, I am sure, only please do not burn our house.

"Your obedient servant,

"PRISCILLA WHITE."

Priscilla neatly folded the little note and addressed it to the redcoats; then slipping it into her pocket, she ran with a lighter heart downstairs to her work.

All preparations were at last completed, and Priscilla

with her grandparents was ready to join the little company of neighbors who were assembling to travel up the mountain to the log huts which had been built as a refuge in time of danger.

"Alas, Priscilla," exclaimed her grandmother, "your geese are still in the pen. Hasten back, child, and turn them loose."

In an instant, Priscilla was speeding across the brook on the rough log footbridge to the goose pen. There were the snow-white geese and the gray gander. They knew her well, for they were her own especial care and pride, and now they gathered about her in noisy welcome, but she could not stop as usual to stroke their smooth white backs. Opening the gate, she drove them all, hissing and squawking, into the woods, and ran quickly back to the house.

Now was the time to dispose of her letter. Hastily pulling it from her pocket, she stood on tiptoe, and fastened it securely to the front-door knocker, then hurried after her grandparents and was soon mounted on the pillion behind her grandfather in the little procession that was slowly winding its way up the mountain.

At sunset, the British, marching across New Jersey, entered the village, and proceeded to occupy every available building. The peaceful little home of Priscilla and her grandparents was now a scene of confusion, and the rooms

echoed with the sound of tramping feet, loud laughter and the clanking of bayonets.

The colonel of the regiment soon found the little note which had been fastened to the knocker. His stern face softened as he read it, and at last broke into a smile.

"Well, well," said he, "you are a brave and true-hearted little maid. We should indeed be worse than fiends to disturb your home after this."

He gazed up at the humble little cottage and then across to the mountains. The twilight was falling and the moon was beginning to shine out, pale and clear. He thought of his far-away English home and of Elizabeth, his little daughter, who would look at the same bright moon, thinking of her father and praying that no harm should come to him.

Calling his officers, the colonel gave orders that there should be no plunder in the village except for food and fodder, and no damage to houses or furniture.

As the men, tired and hungry, were searching for something to eat, Priscilla's geese came trooping along the brook toward their pen. They were greeted with a shout, and were quickly dispatched, all except the gray gander.

"Hold," cried a gay young soldier, who had seized that squawking fowl, "Mistress Priscilla, this bird may be yours; allow me to return him with my compliments," and with that, he merrily popped the old gander into the empty pen.



"'LISTEN!' SHE CRIED IN GLEE."

N.C.W.

The next night at sunset, the bugles blew the signal to march. The sound echoed and reëchoed through the quiet valley, reaching even the little huts on the mountain, where the fugitives were sadly watching for the light of burning homes and the smoke of smouldering fields. But the night fell and morning dawned, and not a spark appeared to tell of such a calamity.

In the morning, the little company returned and great was the rejoicing in every house. To be sure, the good housewives stood in dismay at the dirt and disorder everywhere, but after all, there was not a broken chair nor a mutilated table which showed reckless and willful destruction. The fields of grain were not trodden down nor even the dooryard flowers ruthlessly destroyed. In a day or two all could be restored except the poultry and pigs, which were missing.

As Priscilla and her grandparents dismounted at their own door, the old gander was gravely waddling up and down the grassplot as if he had been left on sentinel duty by the departing redcoats.

"Alas, for the rest of the flock!" exclaimed Dame White. "But look, Priscilla, what has he on his neck?"

Priscilla ran forward and quickly untied a slip of paper and a small silk purse jingling with coin, which the old gander seemed glad to part with. A merry smile broke over her anxious face as she read the note.

"Listen, dear Grandmother and Grandfather," she cried in glee:

"Sweet Mistress White,
We wish you good night.
It is time now for us to meander,
We have paid for your geese,
Three shillings apiece,
You'll find the purse with the gander.

"Though Britishers, we,
You clearly will see
We are ready to grant a petition,
With courteous care
We've endeavored to spare
Your home in a proper condition."

Then, in reply to the eager questions of her grandparents, Priscilla shyly told of the letter which she had left behind for the soldiers.

"It is as you said, dear Grandpa," she cried. "The Lord has held back the hand of the enemy, and perhaps," she added, "perhaps the redcoats have hearts like our own."

"Yes, truly," said Dame White, as she lovingly stroked the curly head beside her, "and perhaps they have obedient little daughters to move them to good deeds."



JACK FROST

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;

But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he flung on its margin, far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept:
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the morning light were seen
 Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees,
 There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
 All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH GOULD

SNOWFLAKES

Whene’er a snowflake leaves the sky,
 It turns and turns, to say good-by.
 “Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray.”
 Then turns and hastens on its way.

But when a snowflake finds a tree,
 “Good-day,” it says, “good-day to thee.
 Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
 I’ll rest and find a playmate here.”

But when a snowflake brave and meek,
 Lights on a little maiden’s cheek,
 It starts—“How warm and mild the day!
 ’Tis summer,” and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE COLONISTS

"COME," said Mr. Barlow to his boys, "I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, Albert?"

ALBERT. I am a farmer, sir.

MR. B. Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a "gentleman farmer." Laborers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plow. There will be woods to clear and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

ALBERT. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

MR. B. Well, then, I shall accept you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

BENJAMIN. I am a miller, sir.

MR. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must



be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

BENJAMIN. I suppose we must make one, sir.

MR. B. True; but then you must bring with you a millwright for the purpose. As for millstones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

CHARLES. I am a carpenter, sir.

MR. B. The most necessary man that could offer. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.



CHARLES. I will, sir.

MR. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you would better bring two or three able men along with you.

DAVID. I am a blacksmith, sir.

MR. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But we shall want a mason for that purpose.

EDWARD. I am one, sir.

MR. B. That's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime, too, you will be still more useful.

EDWARD. I will try what I can do, sir.

MR. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?



FRANK. I am a shoemaker, sir.

MR. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them out of a rawhide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

FRANK. But I can dress hides, too.

MR. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

GEORGE. I am a tailor, sir.

MR. B. Well, there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

GEORGE. Mending is a part of my business, sir. I am not above it when it is necessary.



MR. B. Then I engage you.

HENRY. I am a weaver, sir.

MR. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I fear we can find no room for it in our colony at present. We shall grow neither hemp nor flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

JAMES. I am a silversmith and jeweler, sir.

MR. B. Then, my friend, you would better not come with us. We shall have little money to spend on silver or jewels.

JAMES. But I understand making and mending clocks and watches.

MR. B. Oh, if that is so, we shall be glad of your company. You will be a very useful member of the colony.



LOUIS. I am a doctor, sir.

MR. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. I hope you understand surgery as well as medicine, for we are likely to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

LOUIS. I have had experience in that branch, sir.

MR. B. And if you understand the nature of plants

and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

LOUIS. Botany has been a favorite study with me, sir, and I have a good knowledge of chemistry.

MR. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

MARTIN. I, sir, am a lawyer.

MR. B. Well, I warn you, that we shall settle all disputes and misunderstandings without going to law about them. But there will be a deed or a will to make sometimes, and if you will keep the accounts and records of the colony, we will pay you well. Do you think you can make a living in these ways?

MARTIN. I think so, sir; I am willing to try.

MR. B. Very well, I will engage you.

NATHAN. I am a schoolmaster, sir.

MR. B. That is a profession which we all value highly, I assure you. Though we are to be hard-working, plain people, we want our children to have a good education. By all means, come with us. Who comes here with so bold an air?

OSCAR. Sir, I am a soldier. Will you have me?

MR. B. We are peaceable people and I hope we shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all



our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of the Pennsylvania colony, followed that plan; and



when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a Quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers so far as to be able to defend themselves.

PETER. I am a gentleman, sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear that game is very plentiful in that country.

MR. B. A gentleman! Why, sir, we are all gentlemen. What do you intend to do in the colony?

PETER. Oh, sir, I do not expect to work. I mean only to amuse myself.



MR. B. But do you mean, sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

PETER. As to maintenance, I shall, no doubt, be able to kill game enough for myself, and this will be enough with a little bread and garden fruits which you will give me. Then I shall be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones, so I shall give you very little trouble.

MR. B. And pray, sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

PETER. Why, sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

MR. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, sir, when we wish for such a distinction, we will send for you.

JOHN AIKEN and MRS. BARBAULD

SAID TULIP, "THAT IS SO"

One Christmas time some roots and bulbs

That lived far under ground

Began to talk so softly that

Above was heard no sound.

Said Hyacinth, "It seems a shame

That we should have no share

In all the fun that's going on;

It really is not fair.

We hear the merry, jingling bells,

As sleighs fly o'er the snow,

But cannot see a single thing."

Said Tulip, "That is so."

Said Crocus, "I should like my dress

Of shining gold to don."

Said Scilla, "Oh, I wish I could

My bright blue gown put on."

"And much I long to join the dance,

For none can rival me

In grace, the wind has oft declared,"
Said fair Anemone.
"And would," Narcissus said, "I might
My silver trumpet blow;
"Twould glad, I'm sure, the Christmas green."
Said Tulip, "That is so."

Then spoke the Snowdrop, "Cease to wish,
For wishes are in vain;
Here must we stay until we're called
Above the ground again.
The blessing of a perfect rest
At Christmas time is ours,
That we may gather strength to deck
The earth, in spring, with flowers;
So sleep again, my sisters, dear,
Till it is time to grow,
And all your dreams shall pleasant be."
Said Tulip, "That is so."

MADGE ELLIOT

"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.



Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,

With a sleigh full of toys,—and Saint Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,—up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE



CHRISTMAS IN GREENLAND

[Hans Cristian, an Eskimo in Greenland, was engaged by Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, to go with him as a hunter on one of his expeditions to the far North. In the following story, Hans is telling his children years afterwards about his life with Dr. Kane on the good ship *Advance*, and especially he tells them a wonderful story which Dr. Kane had told to him. It is Christmas Eve and they are all sitting around the fire in the igloo, as the snug winter home of the Eskimos is called.]



"I HAVE been thinking, children, how we always celebrated holidays on board the *Advance*. Every birthday, from that of our commander and the officers, to the crew and the hunter of the expedition, Hans Cristian, each one was celebrated, as it came, by an extra good dinner, sports on the ice, and games in the cabin during the evening.

"But there was one of these holidays which was better than all the rest. The men called it Christmas, and a jolly good time we always had on that day. Every one on board was busy long beforehand making presents to give to his companions, and when the great day came, the gifts were distributed by our commander, and every one was happy and pleased, no matter how small his gift was. Then, in the evening, the men told how they used to

celebrate Christmas in their homes in the happy Southland.

"I wondered a good deal about this holiday, and why the men all gave each other gifts, until the second Christmas was about to be kept on board the ship. I remember it was on the twenty-fourth day of December that Dr. Kane said to me:

"'Well, Hans, I have seen you making gifts with that knife of yours for some days past, but tell me, do you know why we give one another presents on Christmas Day? Did you ever celebrate it before you came on board ship?'

"'No, Dr. Kane, sir,' I said, 'we never kept the day at home, but I suppose it must be somebody's birthday.'

"'You're right, Hans,' he replied. 'And the story of the first Christmas is a wonderful one indeed. Get our rifles, and while we take a tramp to our fox-traps I will tell it to you.'

"So I ran to the cabin and brought up our rifles, and we started out under the starlight. I wish I could tell you the story in Dr. Kane's words, children. I will do so as nearly as I can. He called it

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"'Far away to the south, in a country where no long, dark winter ever comes, where green trees rustle in the breeze, and where birds sing and flowers bloom, shepherds were one night keeping watch over their flocks. They

were resting on the cool, dewy grass and looking up at the starry sky, while their dogs lay beside them. Suddenly the stars grew dim, a bright light filled the heavens, and a glorious angel robed in dazzling white appeared above them. The shepherds, filled with fear, fell on their knees and hid their faces from the brightness, while the angel said:

“ ‘ ‘ Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people! ’ ’

“ ‘ ‘ Then the angel told them that in the town of Bethlehem a baby boy had that night been born who was to be the Saviour of the world; that He was lying at that moment asleep in a manger. Then the heavens again opened and the sky was filled with angels singing “ Glory to God,” because He had sent into the world this Holy Child who was to bring “ Peace on earth.” ’ ’

“ ‘ ‘ Soon the sweet music grew fainter. The angel voices sounded farther and farther away, and when the shepherds raised their faces, the brightness had almost faded and the stars were again shining out. ’ ’

“ ‘ ‘ Then they left their flocks sleeping on the hillside and hastened to Bethlehem, where they found the baby boy, the Christ child, sleeping in a manger as the angel had said, and they fell on their knees and gave thanks to God. ’ ’

“ ‘ ‘ And far away in an eastern country there were wise men who had been watching long for the coming of this

Holy Child, and they, too, journeyed to Bethlehem, being guided many hundred miles by a wonderful star, which rose in the sky and traveled before them till it led them to the spot where the Christ child was lying in the manger, while His Mother waited near. Then the wise men offered costly gifts to Him, and they, too, rejoiced and praised God.

"'And this is why, Hans,' said Dr. Kane, 'this is why we give gifts at Christmas, which is the birthday of the Holy Christ child. He was the first and best Christmas gift, and God gave Him to the world!'"

"And," continued Hans, "Dr. Kane told me that all over the Southland, Christmas is kept as a great feast day. The people go to church to celebrate the birth of the Christ child, and at home they have Christmas trees loaded with gifts, or on Christmas eve the children hang up their stockings by the chimney so that the good St. Nicholas, who, they hope, will come in the night with a sleigh load of toys, may find them and fill them with presents. And in the morning they are pretty sure to find their stockings filled."

"Oh, if we only lived in the Southland!" sighed Metek.

"What is a chimney, Father?" asked Tobias.

"It is an opening over the stove, through which the smoke passes up and out of the house," Hans replied.

"Oh, if we only had a chimney!" exclaimed Metek.

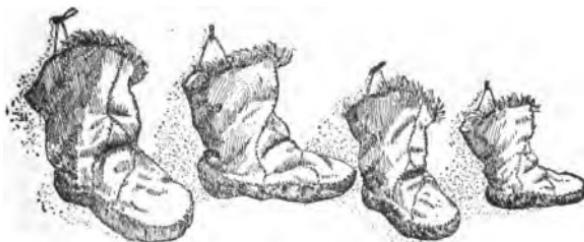
"I suppose that the good St. Nicholas can look right down the chimney and see the stockings," said Tobias.

"I suppose he can," replied Hans.

"I am wondering," continued an eager, excited voice, "I am wondering, Father, if he might not look through our little window when he found that our igloo had no chimney? And if he should see our stockings hanging just beneath, perhaps, perhaps he would not pass us by."

"You may hang them up and see, if you would like to," said Hans, and the children clapped their hands and danced about with delight.

Then their mother gave each child a stocking made of soft, feathery bird skins which she had sewed together during the last summer time. Hans found four sharp pieces of walrus bone to use for nails, and drove them into the side of the igloo just underneath the skin window. There they hung, four feathery stockings—one for Tobias, one for Metek, one for Nasuk and one for little Netka.



"THERE THEY HUNG, FOUR FEATHERY STOCKINGS".

The happy children went to bed and tried not to go to sleep, determined to watch all night and see what would happen, but before an hour had passed they had forgotten all about their stockings and were sleeping soundly.

At midnight, Tobias awoke and sitting up looked about him. All was very still in the igloo except for the regular breathing of the sleepers. The little wick floating in the saucer of fat, which served as a lamp, gave only a dim light, and the familiar drip-drop of the water in the ice-melter had ceased.

Softly creeping from under the skin coverings, the boy wrapped himself warm in fur, lifted the curtain which hung at the door, and crept out through the dark passage.

"Grim," he whispered, "Grim, don't bark. It is only I. It is Tobias." And for answer Grim gave two or three taps with his tail on the snow floor of the passage.

The boy patted the dog's head, and his faithful friend followed and sat down beside him at the entrance of the igloo.

"Hark," whispered Tobias, and listened intently, while Grim pricked up his ears and looked eagerly out.

No sound broke the perfect silence of that wintry world; but as they gazed, lo! above the eastern horizon there rose a brilliant, beautiful star, growing brighter as it advanced, till all the other stars seemed to pale and fade away before it.

"It is like the Christmas star that guided the wise men,"

the child whispered, and Grim looked knowingly into his eyes and licked his cheek.

Then from the northern heavens there streamed a light.¹ Higher and higher it rose, up to the zenith,² a band of dazzling gold. Then came a flash of rose color, then green, then violet, till all the heavens seemed a glowing, quivering mass of flame. A moment it trembled, then it faded and went out, leaving the frosty sky as motionless as before.

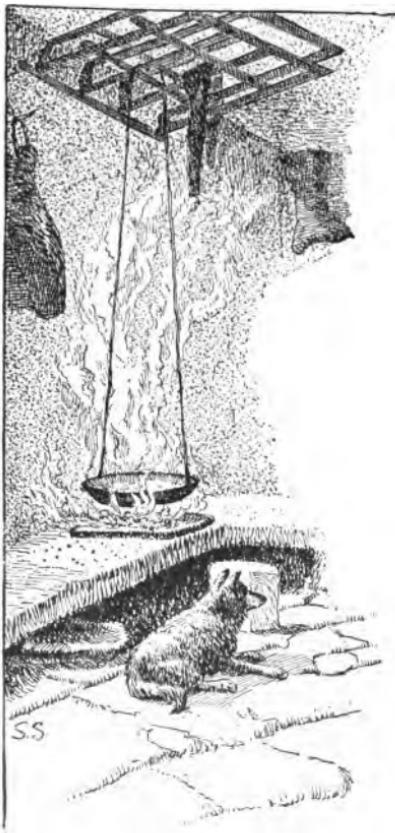
Tobias gave a sigh, hiding his face on Grim's neck. "Oh, if I could have seen the glory," he whispered, "and have heard the angels sing on that first great Christmas night!" And then the two friends crept back to sleep, while in the eastern heavens the shining stars traveled silently on their way.

"O Father, O Netka, Tobias, Nasuk, come quick and see! He did look through our window! He has left something in every stocking!"

Metek had risen in the early morning and was dancing wildly about with his feather stocking in his hand. No need for a second call. The children were on the spot in an instant, looking with excited eyes upon their treasures, while their mother quickly trimmed the wick in the lamp to make it give a better light.

¹ The Northern Lights.

² The point in the heavens directly over our heads.



INSIDE AN IGLOO

little girl danced about, kissing and hugging her treasure, and Grim, amazed at the uproar, pushed back the curtain, looked in, wagging his tail, and gave a sympathetic bark.

Well might Netka be pleased. Her doll was made all

Oh, the shouts of delight that filled the igloo! Each of the boys found a fine hockey stick made from the rib bone of a walrus, and polished as smooth as ivory, sticking out of the top of his stocking. Then came some tiny sticks of walrus meat, as good as candy, and in each toe was a smooth ball made from the round knob of a flipper joint of a walrus.

But when Hans lifted little Netka so that she might take down her stocking, and when she drew out the dearest dolly in the world, the excitement knew no bounds. The boys cheered and shouted, the

of bone and was dressed in fur from head to foot, just as an Eskimo dolly ought to be. Its head was a shiny knuckle bone, on which eyes, nose and mouth had been skillfully carved. No one could see its hair, for the tiny hood on its fur jumper was drawn in snug and tight round its plump face.

Oh, the happy children as they admired their treasures! Oh, the happy father and mother as they watched the delight of their little ones! Oh, happy, happy Grim as he looked up with almost human eyes and saw the pleasure in his friends' faces on this the best and happiest day of all the year!

From "Hans the Eskimo."



GRIM

CHRISTIANA SCANDLIN

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. It is good to be like children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.

CHARLES DICKENS



From the painting by Correggio.

HOLY NIGHT

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle Our Saviour and King!

J. G. HOLLAND

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

A Prince among Story-tellers

Who does not know and love the stories of "Uncle Remus?" They are read and enjoyed by boys and girls all over our land, north, south, east and west.

These interesting stories of animals did not originate with the man who first wrote them for us. For many years, they had been told over and over in the cabins of the negroes on our southern plantations. Old and young were delighted with them, and the children of the "Great House," too, were charmed with the strange adventures of Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Fox or Brother Bear. We know how eagerly "the little boy" would beg "Uncle Remus" for a story, and how absorbed he was in the tale.

The negroes have been familiar with these odd stories, and have told them to their children for many generations, long before any of the race left their far-away African home.

In that distant land, they were surrounded in their little bamboo shanties by thick jungles and forests, in which lived and roamed great numbers of wild animals. Every day they would see Brother Rabbit scurrying through the bushes, or perhaps would meet Brother Bear in the cool dark paths of the woods. They caught glimpses of sly

Brother Fox, as he stole out of sight or they heard the saucy cries of Brother Bluejay in the tall tree-tops.

So they learned the ways of all wild things in the forest, of hare and fox, of bear, buzzard and terrapin, and they loved to tell fanciful stories about them to one another.

These quaint African stories are very, very old, no one knows how old. Indeed, it is true of many stories and fables, which we have heard ever since we can remember, that no one can tell just when or even where they originated.

But we do know that some of our well-known stories were first told in India centuries ago. Afterward, they were carried to Persia and to Arabia, and then were told in every language of Europe. At last, they were brought to America, and now they are a constant pleasure to thousands of American boys and girls. It seems strange, does it not, that these stories which we all like so well, were enjoyed by little Hindoos and Arabs long, long ago?

The queer, old, African stories of wonderful animals do not seem to have traveled around so much. They were brought to us straight across the Atlantic Ocean by the negroes, when first they came to this country.

As years went by, these negro folk stories became very well known throughout the South, but for a long time no one thought of having them written. At last, an editor in Atlanta, who all his life had been familiar with



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS*

plantation stories wrote them out, and had them published. This writer was **Joel Chandler Harris**, a real prince among story-tellers.

From a little boy he had been well acquainted with the negroes and their life upon the plantation. On the cotton field or in the canebrake he had often listened to their songs

and their gay talk to one another, and he knew perfectly their ways of speech and gesture. It was his especial delight to visit them in their cabins and to hear their fanciful, old stories told by the flickering light of pine knots. And thus it was, that he knew so well just how to write these tales in a way that would interest and please us all.

Besides the animal stories which are supposed to be told to "the little boy" by "Uncle Remus," an old negro, Mr. Harris was the author of many other charming books. Sometimes, he takes his readers to visit a "queer country," the home of Mr. Thimblefinger, Chickamy Crany Crow,

* *Courtesy of the Outlook.*

Mrs. Meadows and other amusing characters. And in some of his books, he tells us delightful stories of people in real life, people whose gentle words and kindly deeds we can always admire and think of with pleasure.

The foundation of our author's story-telling art was laid in his childhood. As a little boy, he was a constant reader, and his mother used often to read to him books of choice literature, books which they both loved. Among them was "The Vicar of Wakefield." He was so charmed with this that he wished to hear it again and again, and he could repeat entire pages of it. He enjoyed telling over all the stories which pleased him, and even then, as a child, he commenced writing little stories of his own.

He was still very young when he began to learn the trade of a printer. In time, he became an editor and for many years was one of the editors of an influential newspaper in Atlanta, "The Atlanta Constitution."

In all his writings, he showed a warm love for his fellow men and a deep sympathy in their joys and sorrows. Nothing harsh or unkind ever came from his pen. He was a man of high principle, and his influence was always given in support of right and justice.

It was during the busiest years of his life that he found time to write the stories which have made him famous. Much of this work was done in the quiet of his own home after the cares of the day were over. He loved animals

and he was a friend to every bird in the neighborhood.
Like little Hiawatha he

“Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets.”

One morning to his great delight, he discovered a pair of wrens building a nest in the letter-box at his front gate. The kind-hearted man waited there several hours in order to warn the postman, when he brought the mail, not to disturb his little tenants.

All summer long he watched and cared for the birds, until their little ones were large enough to leave the nest. One day, he wrote an editorial for his newspaper subscribing his name “From the Sign of the Wren’s Nest.” After that, his home was known among his friends, as “The Wren’s Nest.”

We must remember this charming author with love and gratitude, for he has done so much for our pleasure. When we read his delightful stories, we may think of him sitting at his work, surrounded by the birds and flowers he loved so well, in the garden of his beautiful home, “The Wren’s Nest.”

HOW THE BIRDS TALK¹

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy, "it's very funny that the birds and the animals do not talk, as they used to do."

"Who says they don't?" the old man asked with some show of indignation. "Who says they don't? Now that is just what I should like to know."

Uncle Remus's manner implied that he was only waiting for the name of the malicious person to go out and chastise him on the spot.

"Well," replied the child, "I often listen to them, but I never hear them say a word."

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in a tone of exultation, "that is different. Now that is different. The animals talk just about as they always did, but folks are not smart as they used to be. You can hear the animals talking, but you do not know what they say. Yet, I promise you, if I were to pick you up, and set you down in the middle of the Two-Mile Swamp, you would hear talking all night long."

The little boy shivered at the suggestion. "Uncle Remus, who talks out there in the swamp?" he asked.

"All the animals, honey, all the animals. More especially old man Owl and all his family connection."

"Have you ever heard them, Uncle Remus?"

¹ Copyright, 1889, by Joel Chandler Harris.



"Many and many a time, honey. When I get lonesome with folks, I just take down my walking cane; and I go off there where I can hear them; and I sit there just as much at home as when I am here talking with you."

"What do they say, Uncle Remus?"

"It seems to me," said the old man frowning, as if attempting to recall familiar names, "that one of them is named Billy Big-Eye, and the other one, Tommy Long-Wing. One of them sits in a poplar tree on one side of the swamp, and the other in a pine tree on the other side." Uncle Remus went on, as the child crept a little closer to him. "When night comes, good and dark, Billy Big-Eye clears up his throat and calls:

““*Tom, Tommy Long-Wing! Tom, Tommy Long-Wing!*””

Uncle Remus allowed his voice to rise and fall, giving it a far-away but portentous sound, the intonation being a weirdly exact imitation of the hooting of a large swamp-owl. The italicized words will give a faint idea of this intonation.

“Then,” Uncle Remus continued, “old *Tommy Long-Wing* wakes up and calls back:

“‘Who—who’s that *a-calling?* Who—who’s that *a-calling?*’

“‘*Bill!* *Billy Big-Eye.* *Bill!* *Billy Big-Eye.* Why *didn’t* you come *down, come down to my house?*’

“‘I *couldn’t—I couldn’t* come down to your house.’

“‘*Tom!* *Tommy Long-Wing!* Why *couldn’t* you?’

“‘Had *company, Bill—Billy Big-Eye!* Had *company!*’

“‘Who—who *was* the company?’

“‘*Heel Tap* and *his wife, Deel Tap* and *his wife*, and I don’t know *who-all, who-all, who-all!*’

“As to *Heel Tap* and *Deel Tap*,” said Uncle Remus, noticing a puzzled expression on the child’s face, “I don’t know as I ever knew anybody with that name exactly. Some say that is the name of the Woodpeckers and the Yellowhammers, but I expect when we really get at the truth of it, they are all in the Owl family.”

“Who heard them talking that way, Uncle Remus?” asked the little boy.

"My goodness, honey!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, "you don't expect an old man like me to remember the names of all these people, do you? Suppose the folks who heard them have gone and moved off, what good is it going to do you to get their names? Suppose they were sitting right here beside you, what good is that going to do? The truth is the truth, and the names of folks are not going to make it any truer. Yet when it comes to that, I can go to the door and call in lots of folks, who have heard that Owl family in the swamp. And you need not go any farther than Becky's Bill either.

"When that boy was growing up, he went frolicking around; and one night, he came through the Two-Mile Swamp. He came through there," Uncle Remus went on, emphasizing the seriousness of the situation by a severe frown, "just as quiet in his mind as you are this minute. He came along; and the first he knew, a great big old owl flew up in a tree, and snapped his bill just as if somebody was cracking a whip.

"Becky's Bill pretended to take no notice, but he hurried up and began to walk a little faster. Presently, old Mr. Owl flew up in another tree a little way ahead, and smacked his bill; then he called out:

“ ‘Who cooks—who cooks—who cooks for *you-all*?’

"Becky's Bill moved on; he pretended not to hear anything. Old Mr. Owl called out again:

" 'Who cooks—who cooks—who cooks for you-all?'

"By this time, Becky's Bill began to get kind of scared, and he stopped, and said, 'Well, sir, during the week, Mammy cooks, but on Sundays and more especially if they have company, then old Aunt Dicey cooks.'

"Old Mr. Owl ruffled up his feathers, and smacked his bill, and looked down at Becky's Bill and said:

" 'Who cooks—who cooks—who cooks for you-all?'

"Becky's Bill takes off his hat, and he says:

" 'Well, sir, it's just as I tell you. Generally during the week, Mammy cooks, but on Sundays and more especially when they have company, old Aunt Dicey cooks.'

"Old Mr. Owl kept on asking, and Becky's Bill kept on telling, until by and by Becky's Bill got scared and tired and provoked, and then he jumped up and ran for home as fast as he could go; and now, if you get him into that swamp, you have to go along with him."

The little boy sat and gazed into the fire after Uncle Remus had paused. He evidently had no more questions to ask. After a while, the old man resumed:

"But it isn't only the owls that can talk. I just want you to get up in the morning and listen to the chickens. I can sit right here, and tell you just exactly what you'll hear them say."

The little boy laughed and Uncle Remus looked up into the rafters to hide a responsive smile.

"The old white hen will fly off her nest in the horse-trough and squall out:

"*Eggs I lay every day, and here they come and take them away! I lay, I lay, I lay,* and yet I have to go bare-footed, bare-footed, bare-footed.' "

Uncle Remus managed to emphasize certain words so as to give a laughably accurate imitation of a cackling hen.

The little boy waited for him to go on, but the old man had finished. He leaned back in his chair and began to hum a tune.

After a while the youngster said:

"Uncle Remus, you know you told me that you would sing me a song every time I brought you a piece of cake."

"I expect I did, honey. I expect I did. Old as I am, I've got a pretty sweet tooth. Yet I haven't seen any cake this night."

"Here it is," said the child, taking a package from his pocket.

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed the old man, with a chuckle, "there it is! And all wrapped up into the bargain. I'm glad you held it back, child, because now I can eat that cake, and tune up with it, and sing you one of the old-time songs, and folks going by will say we are carrying on a regular concert."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE HAYLOFT

I HAVE been asked to tell you about the back of the North Wind. An old Greek writer mentions a people who lived there, and were so comfortable that they could not bear it any longer, and drowned themselves. My story is not the same as his. I do not think Herodotus had the right account of the place. I am going to tell you about a little boy who went there.

He lived in some low rooms over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the North Wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the North Wind.

On the other side there was a loft, where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. And when little Diamond—but stop; I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman, had named him after a favorite horse and his mother had had no objection—when little Diamond then, lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Diamond's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all round it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Diamond's father put old Diamond in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep

standing, but lay down like a reasonable creature. But, although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet, when young Diamond woke in the middle of the night and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the North Wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down, and he were to fall through into the manger, old Diamond might not eat him up before he knew him in his nightgown. And although old Diamond was very quiet all night long, yet when he awoke, he got up like an earthquake, and then young Diamond knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was—to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all. Sometimes, the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes, a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibers closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes, when his mother had undressed him in her room and told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in the hay. Then he would scramble out, shoot like an arrow

into his bed, cover himself up and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the North Wind.

Now, as I have already said, these boards were soft and crumbly, and little Diamond found one night, after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing in upon him in a cold and rather imperious fashion. Now he had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right; so he jumped out of bed, got a little wisp of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and, having thus made it into a cork, stuck it into the hole in the wall.

But the wind began to blow loud and angrily, and, as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his cork and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole. He searched for his hay-cork, found it, stuck it in harder, and was just dropping off once more, when pop! with an angry whistle behind it, the cork struck him again, this time on the cheek. Up he rose once more, made a fresh stopple of hay, and corked the hole severely. But he was hardly done again before—pop! it came on his forehead. He gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.



Although the next day was very stormy, Diamond forgot all about the hole, for he was busy making a cave by the side of his mother's fire, with a broken chair, a three-legged stool and a blanket. His mother, however, discovered the hole, and pasted a bit of brown paper over it, so that when Diamond had snuggled down that night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? He was sure some one was talking—and very near him, too, it was. But he was not frightened. At last the voice, which, though quite gentle, sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear

against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed.

The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall, he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this, he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was, in fact, a little corner of the paper loose, and through that the voice came.

"What do you mean, little boy—closing up my window?"

"What window?" asked Diamond.

"You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out again three times."

"You can't mean this little hole! That can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of."

"Well, that's just what I made this window for."

"But you are outside; you can't want a window."

"You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it."

"But you've made a window into my bed."

"Well, your mother has three windows into my dancing room, and you have three into my garret. Now, little boy, will you open my window?"

"But I heard Father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law."

The voice laughed. "The law would have some trouble to catch me!" it said.

"But if it's not right, you know," said Diamond, "that's no matter. You shouldn't do it."

"I am so tall I am above *that* law," said the voice.

"You must have a tall house, then," said Diamond.

"Yes, a tall house, the clouds are inside it."

"Dear me!" said Diamond, "I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for you; but Mother says I shouldn't be disobliging, but the north wind will blow right in my face if I do."

"I am the North Wind."

"O-o-oh!" said Diamond. "Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?"

"I can't promise that."

"Well, I *can* pull the clothes over my head," said Diamond, and feeling about, he got hold of the edge of the paper, and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold. Diamond scrambled and tumbled in under the bedclothes, and covered himself up. There was no paper now between him and the voice, and he felt a little—not frightened exactly—but rather queer. For what a strange person this North Wind must be that lived in the great house "called Out-of-Doors, I suppose," thought Diamond—and made windows into people's beds!

But the voice began again, and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bedclothes. It was a still more gentle voice now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

"What is your name, little boy?" it asked.

"Diamond," answered Diamond, under the bedclothes.

"What a funny name!"

"It's a very nice name," returned its owner, vexed that it should not give satisfaction. "Diamond is a very pretty name."

"Diamond is a useless thing, rather," said the voice.

"Oh, no. Diamond is very nice—as big as two—and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly noise in the morning, getting up on his four great legs! It's like thunder."

"You don't seem to know what a diamond is."

"Oh, yes I do. Diamond is a great and good horse, and he sleeps right under me. He is Old Diamond, and I am Young Diamond, or, if you like it better, for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind, he's Big Diamond and I'm Little Diamond, and I don't know which of us my father likes better."

A beautiful laugh, large but very soft and musical, sounded somewhere beside him, but Diamond kept his head under the clothes.

"I'm not Mr. North Wind," said the voice.

"You told me that you were the North Wind," insisted Diamond.

"I did not say *Mister* North Wind."

"Well, then I do, for Mother tells me I ought to be polite."

"You can't say it's polite to lie there talking—with your head under the bedclothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me."

"I want to go to sleep," said Diamond, half frightened.

The instant he said that, a tremendous blast of wind swept the clothes quite off Diamond. Leaning over him, was the beautiful face of a lady. Her dark eyes shone like stars, and her long dark hair fell down all about her, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair, and that was all he did see of her yet.

"Will you go with me now, you little Diamond?"

"I will, yes, I will," answered Diamond, "but," he added, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in Mother's room and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind."

"I thought everybody was," said Diamond.

"That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. Now, follow me, Diamond."

"Yes," said Diamond, only a little ruefully.

"You're not afraid?" said the North Wind.

"No, ma'am, but Mother never would let me go without shoes."

"I know your mother very well," said the lady. "She is a good woman. I love your mother, Diamond."

"How was it you did not know my name, then, ma'am? Please, am I to say *ma'am* to you, ma'am?"

"One question at a time, dear boy. I knew your name quite well, but I wanted to hear what you would say for it. Don't you remember that day when the man was finding fault with your name, how I blew the window in?"

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Diamond.

"Now for the next question. You're not to call me *ma'am*. You must call me just my own name—respectfully, you know—just North Wind."

"Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you."

"You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond."

"But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?"

"No, I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Well, I will go with you, because you are beautiful and good, too."

"Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond. What if I should look ugly without being bad—look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful?—What then?"

"I don't quite understand you, North Wind."

"Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife—even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper—you must believe that I am doing my work. You must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours, if you keep a good hold. You will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. Do you understand?"

"Quite well," said little Diamond.

"Come then," said North Wind, and disappeared behind the mountain of hay.

Diamond crept out of bed and followed her.

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?"
 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
 With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
 When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
 To the darkness brooding far and wide
 Over the land and the deep:
 "Whom do you want, O lonely night,
 That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
 "Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little lad)
That when the wind went wailing so
 Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
 I'd think of what my mother'd said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
 "Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
 You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
 "Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD



THE GREEKS

SOME of you have heard already of the old Greeks; and all of you, as you grow up, will hear more and more of them. Perhaps you will spend a great deal of time in reading Greek books, and at any rate, you will be sure to come across many stories taken from Greek history. And you will see, I may say, every day, things which we should not have had, if it had not been for these old Greeks.

You can hardly find a well-written book, which has not in it Greek names and words and proverbs; you cannot walk through a great town without passing Greek buildings; you cannot go into a well-furnished room without seeing Greek statues and ornaments or Greek patterns of furniture and paper, so strangely did these people leave their mark behind them upon this modern world in which we now live.

And as you grow up and read more and more, you will find that we owe to the Greeks the beginnings of all our mathematics and geometry,—that is, the science and knowledge of numbers and of the shapes of things; and the beginnings of our geography and astronomy; and of our laws and freedom, and politics, that is, the science of how to rule a country, and make it peaceful and strong. And last of all, they made their language so beautiful, that foreigners used to take to it instead of their own; and at

last, Greek became the common language of educated people all over the old world, from Persia and Egypt even to Spain and Britain. And therefore it was that the New Testament was written in Greek, that it might be read and understood by all the nations of the Roman Empire.

The Greeks were made up of many tribes and many small separate states; and when you hear of the Athenians or the Spartans, you must remember that they were different tribes who lived in what we now call Greece. And if you are puzzled by the names of places, you must take the maps and find them out. It will be a pleasanter way of learning geography than out of a dull lesson book.

Now I love these old Greeks heartily, and I should be very ungrateful to them if I did not, considering all that they have taught me; and they seem to me like brothers, though they have all been dead and gone many a hundred years ago.

So, as you must learn about them whether you choose or not, I wish to be the first to introduce you to them and to say, "Come hither, children, come and see old friends of mine, whom I knew long ere you were born. Come and let them tell you some of their old stories, which they loved when they were young like you."

For nations begin at first by being children like you, though they are made up of grown men. They are children at first like you—men and women with children's hearts,

frank and affectionate and full of trust and teachable, loving to see and to learn all the wonders around them, and greedy, also, too often, and passionate and silly as children sometimes are.

Thus these old Greeks were teachable and learned from all the nations round. From the Phoenicians, who lived just north of the Holy Land, they learned shipbuilding and, some say, letters besides. From the Assyrians, they learned painting and carving, and building in wood and stone, and from the Egyptians, they learned astronomy and many things which you would not understand.

And so they grew wise and powerful and wrote poems which will live till the world's end, which you must read for yourselves some day in English at least, if not in Greek. And they learned to carve statues and build temples, which are still among the wonders of the world, and many another wondrous thing God taught them, for which we are the wiser this day.

For you must not fancy, children, that because the Greeks were heathen, therefore God did not care for them and taught them nothing. The Bible tells us that it was not so, but that God's mercy is over all His works, and that He understands the hearts of all people and fashions all their works.

And St. Paul told these old Greeks in aftertimes, when they had grown wicked and had fallen low, that



Raphael

ST. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS

they ought to have known better, because they were God's offspring, as their own poets had said, and that the good God had put them where they were, to seek the Lord and feel after Him and find Him, though He was not far from any one of them.

And Clement of Alexandria, a great father of the Church, who was as wise as he was good, said that God had sent down Philosophy to the Greeks from Heaven, as He sent down the Gospel to the Jews.

But these Greeks, as St. Paul told them, forgot what God had taught them, and though they were God's off-

spring, worshiped idols of wood and stone, and fell at last into sin and shame, and then of course, into cowardice and slavery, till they perished out of that beautiful land which God had given them for so many years.

For, like all nations who have left anything behind them besides mere mounds of earth, they believed at first in the One True God, who made all heaven and earth. But after a while, they began to worship other gods who, so they fancied, lived on Mt. Olympus, a mountain in Greece.

There were Zeus, the father of all the gods, Phœbus Apollo, the sun-god; Athene, who taught men wisdom and useful arts; Poseidon, the ruler of the sea; Hephaistos, the king of the fire, who taught men to work in metals; Mercury, who was the messenger of the gods, and many others.

And the Greeks honored the nymphs, who, they fancied, lived in the caves and the fountains and the glens of the forest and in all beautiful wild places. And when their philosophers arose and told them that God was One, they would not listen, but loved their idols and their wicked idol feasts, till they all came to ruin. But we will talk of such sad things no more.

But at the time of which I write, they had not fallen so low as that. They worshiped no idols as far as I can find, and they still believed in the last six of the ten commandments, and knew well what was right and what was wrong.

And they believed, and that was what gave them



RUINS OF FAMOUS GREEK TEMPLES

courage, that the gods loved men and taught them, and that without gods men were sure to come to ruin. And in that they were right enough, as we know; for without God we can do nothing, and all wisdom comes from Him.

Now at first, they were not learned men living in great cities, such as they were afterwards, when they wrought all their beautiful works, but country people living on farms and in walled villages, in a simple hard-working way, so that the greatest kings and heroes cooked their own meals and thought it no shame.

They made their own ships and weapons, and fed and harnessed their own horses. The queens worked with their

maid-servants and did all the business of the house, and spun and wove and embroidered, and made their husbands' clothes and their own. So that a man was honored among them not because he happened to be rich, but according to his skill and his strength and courage and the number of things which he could do.

For they were but grown-up children, though they were right noble children too; and it was with them, as it is now at school, the strongest and cleverest boy, though he be poor, leads all the rest.

Now while they were young and simple, they loved stories, as you do now. All nations do so when they are young; our old forefathers did and called their stories "Sagas." We will read some of them some day, and Beowulf and the noble old romances. The Arabs also had their tales, which we now call "The Arabian Nights." The old Romans had theirs, and called them by a name from which we get our word "fable." And the Greeks, too, had theirs, which we call myths.

Many great poets have told these stories over and over again in beautiful poetry, and you will want to know all about them, for then you will like the poems much better. The stories are interesting in themselves and interesting also, because they tell us about the people who lived so long ago.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE STORY OF PHAËTHON AND THE HORSES OF THE SUN

THE old Greeks must have thought the world a strange place, for so many puzzling things were all the time happening. There was no one wise enough to explain the mysteries around them, and so they had to imagine an explanation as well as they could.

We shall understand them and their stories better if we think of the tales in the "Uncle Remus" books. Those were queer stories told by a simple, childlike people, who thought and wondered about things in much the same way as the ancient Greeks. No doubt, you have read many of these charming tales. You remember how the rabbits and foxes are made to talk and tell their experiences.

Well, so it was with the people in Greece long ago. To their mind every object in nature seemed to be alive, and, of course, all the more, things so magnificent as the sun and the moon, the heavens and the earth, the sea, the fire, the winds and the clouds, the daylight and the night.

They were especially interested in that great bright object which seemed to come up out of the east every pleasant morning and to travel slowly across the sky. They thought some god must be moving it, and they called this sun-god Phœbus Apollo. He was the most beautiful of all the gods, master of the harp and flute, and patron of music and song.

After a while they began to believe that the sun was a great golden chariot and that Apollo was the driver. Every morning he harnessed his fiery steeds to the chariot and drove over the arch of the sky to the west.

It was a very splendid and brilliant chariot in which Apollo took this ride every day. It was made by the god Vulcan who, as you remember, was a blacksmith and a skillful worker in iron, brass and other metals.

The axle, the beam and the very tires themselves were of solid gold. The spokes of the wheels were of silver, and the seat sparkled with precious stones of all colors: violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

The whole chariot was blinding in its brightness, and when Apollo took the reins and threw out the long lash of his whip over the restless horses, a blaze of light streamed over all the world. The birds began to sing, and everything awoke in the beauty of the sunrise.

Now one day Apollo had a visit from his son, Phaëthon, whom he had not seen for a long time. He was, of course, very glad to see the boy, and in his pleasure he made a very rash promise. He told Phaëthon that he would grant any request which he might make.

Phaëthon, foolish boy that he was, asked to take his father's place for one day and drive the sun-chariot through the sky. It is a very unwise thing to make a promise of that kind to a boy who has as little good sense as Phaëthon had.



"AURORA DREW BACK THE CLOUDS"

Apollo saw his mistake too late. "Oh, my son," said he, "do not ask such a thing. No one has ever driven these horses but myself, and it would be very unsafe to trust you with them. You have not the skill nor the strength to hold these fiery steeds."

But Phaëthon persisted, saying, "Yes, yes, Father, you know you promised, and you must keep your promise."

So Apollo very reluctantly consented. He called the Hours to harness the horses; Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, drew back the clouds, the curtains of the east, and everything was ready for a start.

As Phaëthon took his seat and gathered up the reins, his father spoke many words of warning and advice. "Be careful," he said, "not to go too near the earth or too near the heaven. You will find a beaten track where the horses have been many times. Keep closely to that track and

you will meet no danger. If left to themselves the horses will go much too fast. You must hold them in with all the strength you have."

So saying, Apollo anxiously bade him go, for it was high time for them to be off. Already the larks had begun to sing, the flowers to lift up their heads, and people would wonder why the sun did not rise. Phaëthon pulled up the reins, gave the word to the restless horses, and away they flew out into the sky, which brightened with a blaze of light.

For a while all went well. The horses at first seemed gentle enough, and they even stopped a moment to take a good drink of the early morning dew. But very soon Phaëthon found himself in trouble. He was only a slight young fellow, and he could not balance this heavy chariot and keep it steady, as his father could.

It reeled and rocked from side to side, until Phaëthon thought he would certainly be thrown out on to the earth below. He became very much frightened, and when a driver is frightened horses always know it, and they either get frightened themselves or they go on exactly as they please.

So these sun-horses at once discovered their driver's fright, and they began to run at the top of their speed. They went on in the wildest way, plunging and leaping toward one side, and then toward the other, not at all in

the beaten track, but all around the heavens, where they had never been before.

Now they rushed upward toward the stars, and now downward very near the earth. Phaëthon lost all control of them. He dropped the reins and they were dragged under the feet of the horses. Phaëthon slipped off into a cloud, pretty badly bruised but not very seriously hurt.

Finding themselves thus free, the powerful steeds rushed on, going now very near the earth and dragging the sun-chariot with its terrific heat. The most dreadful results followed. The forests caught fire, the crops were dried and withered, and man and beast suffered greatly from thirst and intense heat.

Then Zeus, the king of all the gods, seeing the parched fields, the blazing woods, the burning cities and the people suffering on every hand, was filled with surprise and anger. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his voice sounded like the roar of thunder. He called loudly to Phœbus Apollo, who was playing on his harp, to come and attend to his duty.

Apollo hurried to the scene with all speed. He grasped the reins and stopped the horses, now as wet as rain and perfectly wild with excitement.

But the beautiful chariot! It was almost ruined. The intense heat had melted the gold and silver, and had broken the jewels. Vulcan was very busy for more than a day in

repairing it, and during that time Apollo could not go out to light the world. And the horses, too, were so worn out that they had to rest.

All the next day it was quite dark. There was only a dim glow of fire from the damaged chariot. The wise men on the earth said that there was an eclipse of the sun, but the people generally believed that Vulcan was mending the sun-chariot. They begged Apollo to drive the horses himself in future and never again to trust them into the hands of another.



HARK! HARK! THE LARK

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chaliced flowers that lies,

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet, arise.

SHAKESPEARE

GREECE

Most of the history which we have of Europe before the birth of Christ, is the history of the Greeks and the Romans. What do you suppose is the reason that we read so much more about these countries in old times than about other nations?

The reason is this: The Greeks and Romans learned to live in cities, made good laws and tried to improve themselves in every way they could, while the northern peoples were still wild and barbarous. After hundreds of years these tribes in the North were living in much the same rough way as at the beginning, fighting among themselves and wandering from place to place.

But the Greeks were steadily improving. No race of people in ancient times ever did so many things well as the Greeks. They were the first who thought of finding out the truth and the reason for everything. They wrote history and poetry which people will always love to read. They gave us the most beautiful styles and plans for buildings, and the most beautiful forms for statues.

The great arts of music and painting have also come down to us from the Greeks. There were many famous orators and statesmen among them, and great soldiers and heroes. It was the Greeks who at one time saved Europe from being conquered by wild, barbarous tribes from Asia.

But you would like to know something about the home of this wonderful people. Look upon the map of Europe and you will see just east of Italy a queer, scraggly peninsula jutting down into the Mediterranean Sea. This is Greece, the home of the Greeks, and a beautiful home it is.

As you will notice on the map, this peninsula is cut away by the sea, until it looks like a skeleton leaf with ribs alone to hold it together. These ribs are mountain ranges, and between the mountains are fertile valleys. All Greece is thus like a house of many rooms, divided by partition walls of mountains, some high, some low, some big, some little.

It is very interesting to see how things grow on these mountains—trees and flowers and plants; not all together, but certain things at certain heights above the sea.

If you should begin at the sea level and climb up a mountain five thousand feet high, you would find four distinct climates and four tiers of plant life ranged one above the other.

For about five hundred feet you would see vines, olives, oranges, melons and other kinds of fruit. If you should climb a thousand feet you would leave the melons and oranges behind and would see fields of corn and groves of oak trees. Higher still, you would begin to smell the spicy pines and to see the silver beeches, and still higher you would find snow even in summer-time.

Greece is full of sparkling springs, brooks and little rivers dashing down the steep mountains, and it is a perfect garden of flowers. Besides the flowers which we know so well, there are many curious orchids and air plants.

The hunter finds the country alive with game. Foxes, bears, wolves and wildcats leap here and there in the thickets. Greece is almost as free of reptiles as Ireland, but there are a great many birds of all kinds. The country has always been noted for its owls. Perhaps this is one reason that the owl is called so wise, because it lived with the wise old Greeks. And they used to say that the owl was the favorite bird of Athene, who was the goddess of wisdom. That is another illustration of the fact that a person is known by the company he keeps.

SOME WISE SAYINGS FROM THE GREEKS

It is said that Plato once seeing a man playing at dice, reproved him. "The stake is but a trifle," said the other. "Yes," responded Plato, "but the habit is no trifle."

The best form of government is that in which the people obey the rulers, and the rulers obey the laws. *SOCRATES*

Plato is my friend, Socrates is my friend; but Truth is a friend that I value above both. *ARISTOTLE*

The man who masters himself is free.

EPICETETUS

ATHENS

THE most beautiful and famous city in all Greece was Athens. Here the people were better educated and more learned even than in other parts of the country. Although they were good soldiers and brave in war, they were not warlike. They cared far more for having fine buildings, beautiful statues and pictures, and for making good laws to govern the people.

The city was called Athens in honor of Athene, the goddess of wisdom, of peace, and of useful arts. The people thought that she gave them especial care and protection and this, they said, was the way it came about:

A man from Phoenicia came to Greece and founded a beautiful city. All the gods watched him with great interest, and as it became a thriving town, each wished the privilege of naming it, and each put forward his claims. Finally it was left to Athene and to Poseidon, god of the sea. Zeus announced that the city should be given to the one who could bring forth out of the earth the most useful gift for the sons of men.

Then King Poseidon, raising his spear, struck the ground where he stood. The earth opened at his feet and out sprang a wonderful horse, stronger and more beautiful than any animal ever seen before. "Behold my gift," said Poseidon. "Who can give anything to men better than the horse?"

Loud were the cheers and exclamations from all the gods looking on at the contest. "No one," said they,

"can give anything to the sons of men so useful as the horse. The city shall belong to King Poseidon."

Athene said nothing, but slowly stooped and planted in the earth a little seed. Presently a tiny shoot came springing up, which grew and grew, throwing out its boughs and leaves. Higher and higher it rose with all its thick green foliage, and put forth fruit on its branches.

"Behold the olive tree," said Athene, "my gift to the sons

of men. It shall bring to them food and shelter. It shall be a sign of peace and plenty, of health and strength, of happiness and freedom."



ATHENE

Then with one accord rose the voices of the gods. "How excellent is thy gift, O Athene! The olive tree is best." And Zeus said, "Let the city be called Athens. It shall be greater in peace than in war, and nobler in its freedom than in its power."

But still Athene stood gazing upon the land which was now her own. "I have won the victory," said she, "and here shall be my home. Hither the sons of men shall come to learn of law and order. And when the torch of freedom has gone out at Athens, its light shall go to other lands, and men shall say that my gift is still the best. They shall say that reverence for law and for freedom has come to them from Athens."

FREEDOM

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

ALTHOUGH the Athenians cared so much more for peace than for war, they could fight like heroes when it was necessary.

You have already learned that at one time Greece saved Europe from being conquered by Asia, and I think you will be glad to know that the credit of this great victory belongs to the Athenians. The final battle was on the plain of Marathon, and it was one of the greatest battles in all the world's history.

The king of Persia was determined to conquer and bring into slavery all the little states along the Mediterranean. He was very angry at the Athenians because they had helped some of these states and had burned one of his cities.

Lest he might forget his anger and settle down to peace, he wished to be reminded of it every day. He commanded his servant to say when he waited on him at dinner, "Master, remember the Athenians."

And so he did remember them, and he determined to bring vengeance upon their city. He fitted out a large army and a fleet, and crossed over into Europe ready to besiege Athens.

When the Athenians heard that he was coming, they sent a herald around to the different states for help. He



THE BATTLEFIELD OF MARATHON

went to Sparta among others, saying, "O men of Sparta, the Athenians pray you that ye come and help them. Do not let the most ancient city of Greece be brought into slavery by the barbarians."

As it happened, only a few soldiers from Sparta could go, and this was a great pity, for the Spartans were noted for their strength and bravery. All the boys and men in Sparta spent a great deal of time in training the body and in learning all about war, and there were many splendid heroes among them. But this time—and it was the most perilous time for all Greece—they left Athens to fight the barbarians almost alone.

The Athenians knew they would be ruined if the enemy should besiege the city. So they marched out about

twenty miles and met the Persians on the plain of Marathon between the mountains and the sea.

The generals addressed their soldiers, the signal was given, and the Greeks, all raising the battle cry, rushed upon the enemy. They carried all before them, and the Persians, though ten times as many as the Greeks, gave way and ran to their ships for safety.

In the meantime a contemptible traitor in Athens had raised a shield on a hill, as a signal to the enemy that there were no troops in the city. But the Greek general also saw the signal and immediately marched back to Athens arriving there before the Persians.

When the enemy reached the city, expecting to find it defenceless, they saw the same men drawn up in battle line ready to fight again. They did not care to undertake another encounter with the same soldiers, so they all sailed back to Asia.

This was a glorious victory for Athens, and for all the civilized world. Europe was saved from slavery and was left to free and progressive nations.



THE HOUSE-PICNIC

[Donald and Dorothy were two orphan children who lived with their kind uncle in a country place not far from New York City. Both the children had been studying hard at school and were now to have a vacation, and their uncle proposed that they should give a house-picnic.

"A house-picnic, Uncle George? What is that?" they asked.

"And you don't know what a house-picnic is! Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Uncle George, pretending to be very much surprised, although a house-picnic was really a form of entertainment entirely original with himself. "Why, my dears, a house-picnic is simply this: The whole house is thrown open for a children's party from ten in the morning till eight at night. There is fun in the garret; music, dancing and games in the parlor; candy-pulling in the kitchen; nut-cracking in the shed; story-telling and reading in the library; racing on the piazza; in fact, there is everything within bounds that you and about thirty other boys and girls can do, assisted by all the members of the household."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Donald and Dorothy in one breath.

"And may I invite all the Danby children, Uncle?" asked Dorothy. "You know they don't have a chance to go to a party very often."

"Yes, child, certainly, you and Donald may invite whom you like, and we will begin at once to plan the day's fun. Lydia (the housekeeper) will provide the dinner; and when the time comes Jack (the coachman) can take the big wagon and go for the company. It looks now as if it would rain all the week, but that will only add to your pleasure indoors."

The children were very eager to help. All the preparations went merrily forward and at last the day arrived. In the following chapter we shall read a full account of this delightful party.]

The house-picnic was a great success. In the first place, not only the original thirty came, but other boys and girls whose names had been added to the list; secondly, a lovely snowstorm, one of the bright, dry kind, had come during the night, and evidently had come to stay; thirdly, the guests made it a frolic from the start, and every sleigh load driven to the door by Jack came in singing and cheering; fourthly, Uncle George, as Dorry said, was "splendid," Jack was as "good as gold," and Liddy was "too lovely for anything"; fifthly, the house from top to bottom was bright, homelike and beautiful; and lastly, hardly anything was broken, not a single child was killed, and the house wasn't burned to the ground,—all of which Liddy and Jack said was simply miraculous.

Such a wonderful day as that is hard to describe. Imagine the scene: great square halls on the first and second floors; broad stairways; fine, open rooms; pleasant fires; beautiful flowers; boys and girls flitting, gathering everywhere, from garret to kitchen, now scattered, now crowded, now listening to stories, now running, now hiding, now gazing at an impromptu "performance," now sitting in a demure circle, with a napkin on every lap,—you know why,—now playing games, now having a race on the broad piazza, now giving three cheers for Uncle George, and then beginning all over again. It lasted more than ten hours, yet nobody was tired (until the next day!) and

all the guests declared, in one way or another, that it was the very best time they ever had known in their lives.

Donald and Dorry were delightful as host and hostess. They enjoyed everything, were on the alert for every one's pleasure, and by their good humor, courtesy and graceful manners, unconsciously set an example to all the picnickers. But, really, it is quite impossible for any one to describe the day properly. The only way is to give you a few notes from observations taken on the spot.

We'll begin with the kitchen—Betty's kingdom. There she stands, a queen in a calico gown. But Dorothy has the scepter. It is a big wooden spoon. She and a dozen other girls are crowding about the big cooking stove. All have large towels pinned over their dresses close to the throat, tight around the skirt, and the arms left free. What in the world are they making? What, but molasses candy! It is nearly done. It ought to be, after the boiling and the stirring that the girls in turn have given it. Finally, some one holds forward a pan of cold water. Dorothy, carefully dipping out a spoonful of the fragrant syrup, drops it into the water. It sizzes; it stiffens—hurrah! the candy is ready to be taken from the fire.

Cool enough now. "Come, boys! Come, girls!" cries Uncle.

"Here, put these on—every one of you!" cries Liddy, her arms loaded with the coarse towel-aprons which she—

knowing soul—had specially prepared for the occasion.
“Sakes! be careful! Don’t burn yourselves!”

But who hears? They are pulling the candy already. Boys and girls with hands daintily washed and greased are taking soft lumps of the cooling confection, drawing them out into long shining ribbons, doubling and drawing them out again, until they get lighter and lighter in color, and finally, the beautiful golden strands are declared ready for more artistic handling. Then follow royal fun and rivalry, each young confectioner trying to outdo the other. Some twist the soft candy into sticks and lay them aside to cool; some braid it charmingly; others make little walking canes; others cut it into caramels—one and all indulging meantime in flavorsome morsels and shouting with delight at one another’s success.

Ah, what a washing of hands! For the fun of the thing, Uncle George has caused warm water to be put into a great tub, which stands upon the wash-bench, and now the candy-pullers take their turn in a close ring about it, all frantically feeling and struggling for the soap, which repeatedly bobs to the surface only to be dashed out of sight again by some desperate little hand.

While this merry crowd of cooks and pullers is working and frolicking in the kitchen, under Betty’s watchful eye, a few of the company may be found in other parts of the

old mansion amusing themselves in their own fashion. Some of the very young guests are in the upper rooms playing childish games; and one or two older ones who, as it happens, see quite enough of the kitchen in their own homes, prefer to enjoy themselves now in the finer apartments.

We'll look into Uncle George's study, the door of which stands ajar. Amanda Danby is there alone. She is sitting in the master's big chair with a volume of poems in her hand—forgetting the party, forgetting that she has laboriously smoothed her curly hair for the occasion, forgetting that she is wearing her precious drab merino—her mother's wedding gown—now made over for the fourth time, forgetting the new collar and pretty blue bow at her throat (Dorry's gifts), conscious only that

“The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
‘Now tread we a measure!’ said young Lochinvar.”

Amanda smiles to herself as she turns the leaf, feeling that, after all, there is a great deal of life and spirit in the world, and that dish-pans, pots and kettles are mere phantoms of the imagination. The verse runs on so smoothly, too. She could write whole books of poetry herself, she

thought, if she could only study and improve herself. Then, as she reads on, the great comfortable armchair, the soft carpet, the well-filled bookshelves and the subdued light give her a vague, delightful sense of having improved herself already.

Let us look into the other rooms. No one in the parlor; the back sitting-room, too, is deserted; the dining-room is locked for a while; but high up on the garret stairs sit three wide-eyed, open-mouthed youngsters listening to Ben Buster's tales of adventure.

"True?" he is saying. "Of course it's true; I knew the boy myself—Joe Gunther, bright fellow. He's on a ranch now out in California. I'll tell you how it was; he was living with a settler named Brown, away off in Utah," and so the story goes on, all of which would have been very interesting and impressive to the young hearers had not a small boy, named Jedediah Treadwell, at this moment come suddenly rushing across the hall, shouting "Ho! candy! I smell molasses candy! They're making it! Come on!"

And down they run—all but Ben, who prefers to go through the house in search of more adventures. He opens a door, sees a small ring of prettily dressed little girls and boys, hand in hand, singing:

"Oats, peas, beans and barley grows!
You nor I nor nobody knows
Where oats, peas, beans and barley grows."

He beats a hasty retreat and is soon in the kitchen laughing with the rest and feasting upon caramels and molasses sticks.

"Whatever shall I do, Mr. George, sir," at last said the distressed Lydia, "to stop the eating? They'll be sick, sir, every one of them, if they keep on."

"Tell them to wash their hands and faces and come to the parlor. We'll have the picture-gallery game now," said Uncle George.

Accordingly scouts were sent through the house to bring the company together. Meantime Sailor Jack, in his best clothes, was hard at work clearing the decks for action, as he said.

All were in the parlor and seated at last, that is, all excepting Uncle George and eight or ten, who hardly could be missed from such a roomful. Jack had arranged the chairs in several long rows, facing the great sliding doors that separated the parlor from the back sitting room; and on these were seated subdued and expectant boys and girls, all gazing at the closed doors, while the youngest of the guests sat on the floor in front of the chairs, half frightened, half delighted at the prospect of "seeing something."

By this time the feathery snowstorm had ceased and a flood of afternoon sunlight was pouring into the large room. Whispered comments upon the change of weather arose,



"THERE IN THE GREAT DOORWAY WAS THE PICTURE GALLERY"

coupled with remarks that there would be coasting next day, anyhow; then came other remarks and light laughter with occasional clapping of hands, when, suddenly, Uncle George appeared at the side entrance.

"Young ladies and gentlemen! You are now to see a live picture gallery, and we ask for your criticism upon the paintings, begging you to be merciful in your remarks, and not to be too funny while you try to make the pictures laugh. For, you must know, if any picture in our gallery is guilty even of a smile, it must instantly hop out of sight, leaving its frame empty. When all the frames are thus deserted, we shall expect some of you to fill them again."

At this some of the boys looked troubled and some of the girls tittered, but one and all clapped in hearty applause of Uncle George's little speech. Then came the tinkle of a bell to announce that all was ready; Ed Tyler and Donald pushed back the sliding doors, and there, in the great square doorway, was the picture gallery. To be strictly correct, we should call this gallery a gray wall, apparently hung from top to bottom with fine portraits in broad gilt frames, and all looking wonderfully lifelike and *unnatural*; for when a live portrait must not laugh, how can it feel at ease?

At first the spectators were too surprised to speak. Then came a murmur of admiration, with cries of "Good, good!" and "How lovely!" while Liddy, by the parlor

door, clasped her hands in silent rapture at the beautiful show..

Beautiful, indeed, it was. All the portraits were as fresh and glowing as though they had been "painted yesterday." Dorry, in a prim Quaker cap and muslin neckerchief, was prettier than ever. Josie Manning, in red cloak and hood, made a charming gypsy; little Fandy Danby, with his brown eyes and rosy cheeks, was a remarkably handsome portrait of himself; and a sallow, black-haired youth in a cloak and slouched hat, with a paper cutter in his clinched fist, scowled admirably as a brigand. The other pictures, though content to be simply faces trying not to smile, were really very bright and effective and a credit to any artist.

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle, after a moment, "what have the critics to say? What do you think of—of the gypsy, for instance? Who will buy it?"

"I won't," shouted a funny little fellow in knicker-bockers. "It's a chromo."

The gypsy twitched very slightly and all the other pictures put on increased solemnity of expression, for they felt that their time, too, was coming.

"Do you throw in the frame?" asked some one else.

"Isn't that right eye a little out?" asked a girl who was taking drawing lessons. This made the picture laugh, and presto! the frame was empty.

After this, though the remarks made were not brilliant nor irresistibly funny, the picture gallery soon suffered severe losses. So small a thing will make us laugh when we try to look grave. The brigand exploded at a cutting allusion to his dagger; the Quakeress yielded to a queer little speech about her costume; other faces grinned the instant they were specially alluded to, and finally, Fandy's portrait was the only one left in its frame. That bright little countenance stared into the room so defiantly that even Uncle George tried, with the rest, to conquer it.

In vain critics criticized. The portrait was deaf. In vain they tried to be as funny as they could. It was obdurate. In vain they shouted at it, laughed at it. Not a smile. Fandy was a youth of principle, and he felt bound in honor to do his duty. Then the boys called the picture names. It was a monkey, a tramp, a kitten, an eel, a hop-toad. Everybody tried to think of something too funny for him to resist. Not a smile.

"Bring a pot of varnish," cried Ed Tyler, "the picture is so dull we'll shine it up a little and see what that will do." Suddenly a childish howl was heard, to everybody's surprise, for little three-year-old Isabel had been quite forgotten.

"Oh, oh, oh! Take Fandy down. What is the matter with Fandy? I want Fandy."

The little sister unconsciously triumphed where every

one else had tried and failed. Fandy laughed with the rest and instantly disappeared, as though he had been blown out like a candle. He was soon in the parlor comforting Isabel to the best of his ability, casting saucy glances at the rest of the company meanwhile, with a merry shake of the head, as if to say, "You thought you could make me laugh, did you? No, sir, you couldn't."

Now while the folding doors were closed a new set of pictures was made; the bell tinkled again and the game went on as before.

By and by somebody at the piano struck up a march—Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"—and almost before they knew it, the guests found themselves marching to the music, two by two, in a procession across the great square hall. Donald and Dorry joined the merry line, wondering what was about to happen—when to their great surprise (ah, that sly Uncle George! and that innocent Liddy!) the double doors leading into the dining room were flung open, and there, sparkling in the light of a hundred wax candles, was a collation fit for Cinderella and all her royal court. There were jellies, ice cream, cake, candied fruit and—but I will not try to describe it for fear of forgetting some of the good things. Imagine what you will, and I do believe there was something just like it or quite as good upon that delightful table.

But now the feasting was over, and again the march

struck up. The boys and girls, led by Uncle George, who seemed the happiest boy of all, went back to the parlor, which, meanwhile, had been rearranged. And there they saw a great plump tissue paper bag hanging to the chandelier. I should like to tell you about this chandelier, how it was covered with hundreds of long, three-sided glass danglers that swung, glittered and flashed in a splendid way now that all its wax candles were lighted; but that would interrupt the account of the paper bag. This bag was full of something, the children were sure. Uncle George blindfolded Josie Manning with a handkerchief, and putting a stick in her hand, told her to turn around three times and then try to strike the bag with the stick.

"Stand back, everybody," cried Donald, as she made the last turn. "Now, hit hard, Josie, hard enough to break it."

Josie did hit hard. But she hit the air just where the bag didn't hang; and then the rest laughed and shouted and begged to be blindfolded, sure that they could do it. Uncle George gave each a chance in turn, but each failed as absurdly as Josie.

Finally, the bandage was put over Dorothy's dancing eyes, though she was sure she never, never could—and lo! after revolving like a lovely Chinese top, the blindfolded damsel, with a spring and one long vigorous stroke, tore the bag open from one side to the other. Down fell the

contents upon the floor—pink mottoes, white mottoes, blue mottoes and mottoes of gold and silver paper, all fringed and scalloped and tied with ribbons, and every one of them plump with sugar almonds or some good kind of candy. How the guests rushed and scrambled for them! How Fandy Danby fairly rolled over the other boys in his delight!—and how the young folks tore open the pretty papers, shyly handed or sent the mottoes to one another and shared the candy with their neighbors. After a few moments of rest came a startling and mysterious order to prepare for the

"THANK-YOU" GAME!

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folks of Donald and Dorothy, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they hadn't the slightest idea what it was; they never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokes-people.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names, or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle, wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the big fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat and a long red cloak. The gnome wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm holes cut in it. It was gathered at his belt; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case, tied with narrow ribbon, formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over his eyes and a round opening for his mouth. The fairy godmother dragged in a large sack and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let

you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name, you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name, then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blindfolded gnome pounded three times with his stick and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother, as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Eh! What did you say, dear?" again squeaked the fairy godmother. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick and said in a hoarse tone, "Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome. "Put it back, put it back."

But it wasn't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried

to be polite and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the fairy godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the blind-folded gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no," he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And Dorry, with a playful air of protest, dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts, some were detected and lost them; but the fairy godmother would not allow those who had parcels to try again, and, therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while.

When all had parcels and the bag was empty, what did that old fairy do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, false face and cloak—and if it wasn't Uncle George himself, very red in the face and very glad to be out of his prison! Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all the time that it was he.

"Ha! ha! ha!" they laughed; and now—starting in pursuit—"let's see who the white gnome is!"

They caught him at the foot of the stairs and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a royal game," declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine!" "First-rate!" "Glorious!" "Capital!" "As good as Christmas!" said the rest. Then they opened their parcels and there was great rejoicing.

Uncle George, as Liddy declared, wasn't a gentleman to do things by halves, and he certainly had distinguished himself in the "Thank-You" game. Every gift was worth having. There were lovely bonbon boxes, pretty trinkets, penknives, silver lead pencils, paint boxes, puzzles, thimbles and scissors and dozens of other nice things.

What delighted "Oh, oh's!" and merry "Ha, ha's!" rang through that big parlor! The boys who had thimbles and the girls who had balls had great fun displaying their prizes and trying to "trade." After a deal of laughter and merry bargaining, the gifts became properly distributed and then the piano significantly played "Home, Sweet Home."

Soon sleigh bells were jingling outside; Jack was stamping his feet to shake the snow off his boots. Mr. McSwiver, too, was there, driving the Manning farm sled filled with straw, and several turnouts from the village were speeding chuck-a-ty, cling, clang, jingle-y-jing along the broad carriage way.

Ah! what a bundling-up time! What scrambling for tippets, shawls, hoods and cloaks; what laughter and frolic; what good-by's and good-by's; what honest

"Thank you's" to Uncle George, and what shouting and singing and hurrahing as the noisy sleigh loads glided away, and above all, what an "Oh, you dear, dear, dear Uncle George!" from Dorry, as she and Donald stood by his side and heard the last sleigh jingle-jingle from the door!

MARY MAPES DODGE

"Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as ironstones,
There's nothing he's afraid of.
Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little knows or cares he;
He hates the fire and hates the Spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.
But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river;
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver;
When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,—
That hates he not: he loves it all,
Then bursts he out in laughter.
His home is by the north pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer home, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.
Now from the North he's hither hied
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower."

BILLY TOPSAIL

FROM the very beginning it was certain that Billy Topsail would have adventures. He was a fisherman's son, born at Ruddy Cove, which is a fishing harbor on the bleak northeast coast of Newfoundland.

All Newfoundland boys have adventures, but not all Newfoundland boys survive them. And there came in the course of the day's work and play, to Billy Topsail, many adventures.

The first,—the first real adventure, came by reason of a gust of wind and his own dog. It was not strange that a gust of wind should overturn Billy Topsail's punt, but that old Skipper should turn troublesome was an event the most unexpected.

Skipper was a Newfoundland dog with black and white hair, short, straight and wiry, and broad ample shoulders. He was heavy, awkward and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft-horse. But he pulled with a will, fended for himself and, within the knowledge of men, had never stolen a fish, so that he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove and a safe one in their estimation.

“Skipper! Skipper! Here, boy!”

The ringing call in the voice of Billy Topsail never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks, and all the paths of the

wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock still for the harness and at the first "Hi, boy! Gee up there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

If the call came in summer time, when Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a flake,—a platform of boughs for drying fish—he scrambled to his feet and ran to where young Billy waited. If Billy's call meant sport in the water, Skipper would paw the ground and whine, until the stick was flung out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing grounds with Billy Topsail, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat on the little cuddy in the bow, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called Skipper.

"It is a clever dog, that!" was Billy's boast. "He would save life—that dog would."

This was proved beyond doubt when little Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharf-head, where he had been playing. Tommy was four years old and would surely have been drowned, had not Skipper strolled down the wharf just at that moment.

Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged



"HE WOULD SAVE LIFE—THAT DOG WOULD"

in and caught Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws, while he towed him to shore. Then the outcry which Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

For this deed Skipper was petted for a day and a half and fed with fried fish and salt pork, to his evident satisfaction. No doubt he was persuaded that he had acted worthily. However that be, he continued in merry moods, in affectionate behavior, in honesty—although the fish were even then drying on the flakes, all exposed.

"Skipper," Billy Topsail would ejaculate, "you *are* a clever dog."

One day in the spring of the year, when high winds rise suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from the punt, the *Never Give Up*. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say—gray, cold and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles to the southwest. Thicker weather threatened and the day was far spent.

"It is time to be off home, boy," said Billy to the dog.
"It is getting thick in the southwest."

Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy, who like all fishermen in remote places had formed the habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"It is that, Billy, boy," said he. "The punt is as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind."

Then Billy said a word for himself. "We'll put in for ballast. The punt is too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to a little cove and there loaded her with rocks. By this time two other punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering as her crew prepared to be at home for the night. The *Never Give Up* was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion as made Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping down



"THE WIND HAD GAINED IN FORCE"

from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength.

"We'll fetch the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

A gust caught the sails, the ballast of the *Never Give Up* shifted, and she toppled over. Boy and dog were thrown into the sea. Billy dived to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in dangerous accidents. The coward miserably perishes where the brave man survives.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast and he feared for her. What was he

to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked, she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him. The coast was half a mile distant, the punts out to sea were beating towards him and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punts and the rocks.

A whine—with a strange note in it—attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before.

“Hi, Skipper!” Billy called. “Steady, boy! Steady!”

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely, and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of Skipper—the old affectionate Skipper—his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd.

But he was afraid, nevertheless—and he was desperately afraid.

“Back, boy!” he cried. “Get back, sir!”

It chanced that Billy Topsail was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold—cold, often, as the icebergs can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behavior of the dog which disturbed him—his failure in obedience, which could not be explained.

“Back, sir!” Billy screamed. “Get back with you!”

Billy raised his hand as if to strike him,—a threatening gesture, which had sent Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now.

“Get back!” Billy screamed again. It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet.

Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But, swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. Skipper forged after him. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up, paw over paw, forcing the boy’s body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy

thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried, "you'll drown me! Get back!"

Then there seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog,—as it was made known later—rose as high as he could force himself and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears cocked. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen either of boy or dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom.

Billy knew that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy had a start of ten yards—or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There

was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not.

Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more strength into his strokes. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up—waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir—back!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined than ever. Billy waited for him, and, when the dog was within reach, struck him in the face.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, but the effort was vain; in another moment the dog had laid his heavy paws on his shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went, freed himself and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him—and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm—"

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed, the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders, and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer—clearer—when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck," called the voice.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy—that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the neck when he was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.

There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined upon the direction he would take. He espied the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Towards them he swam, and there was something of pride in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your

pardon. You see, I didn't know what it was you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, it was Billy Topsail you were thinking of. When I thought you wanted to climb on top of me, it was my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me, it was a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, boy, honest, I beg your pardon. Next time I shall know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is half a chance to tow me ashore. And I will give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

At which Skipper wagged his tail.

NORMAN DUNCAN

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
 And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 The mainland on the lee.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea."



LITTLE BELL

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? O stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks:
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song, before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childlike heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And, from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return,
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap, dropped one by one;—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

THOMAS WESTWOOD

COME TO JESUS

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Savior who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD

PREACHING was the chief occupation of our Blessed Lord during His public life. He was always teaching, now on the seashore, now from a boat on the lake, on country roads, in houses, in the synagogues. And everywhere He was surrounded by huge crowds of people.

St. Mark tells us that they ran flocking to Him from all the cities. "And Jesus going out, saw a great multitude, and He had compassion on them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and He began to teach them many things." The teaching and the Teacher were so delightful that the hearers never tired; fathers holding their children high to see and hear, mothers with their little babies in their arms, old people, boys and girls and little restless children stood or sat about Him, silent, spellbound.

All could understand Him. He did not preach dry sermons like the Scribes and Pharisees, who made the law harder by explaining it. He taught by parables, stories with a hidden meaning that the people were to find out. By the things they saw around them every day, He explained truths which they could not see.

"Be not solicitous," that is, over anxious, "what you shall eat or what you shall put on," He said to them one day. "Consider the ravens, for they sow not, neither do

JESUS TEACHING FROM A BOAT

Bofman



they reap, neither have they storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them. How much more valuable are you than they?"

And pointing to the lilies bespangling the fields all around, He went on: "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these."

The sparrows, innumerable in Palestine, were hopping about in His path. "Are not five sparrows," He said, "sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God. Fear not, you are of more value than many sparrows." Then looking round on the fathers, who with their little ones were standing by, He said: "What father is there here who, when his child asks for bread will give him a stone, or for a fish will give him a serpent? If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him."

The farmers and the laborers liked the parables which told of men being hired to work all day and being paid when evening comes; and about the seed that was sown on different kinds of soil, and was wasted in one place whilst in another it sprang up and yielded good fruit; about the fig-tree, too, which its master had taken every care to cultivate and which never made him any return, so that at last he ordered it to be cut down and destroyed.



Millais

THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY

He said that a woman who has lost a little coin lights a candle and sweepsthehouse and seeks diligently till she finds it. The wives and mothers looked at one another and smiled, and understood what He wanted to show them—the value of thesoul, stamped with the image of the King of kings, who has taken such pains to find it when it was lost.

And all, even the little chil-

dren, understood the parable about the good shepherd. The good shepherd, our Lord said, leaves his ninety-nine obedient sheep to go after one that had strayed away from the fold and got lost in the mountains, where wild beasts live and prowl about at night in search of such foolish wanderers.

The good shepherd goes after his sheep in the cold wind and the darkness and the rain, not minding his bleeding feet, cut by the sharp stones of the way. He gets upon a little height and stands and listens! And when at last he hears its far-off bleating cry, he hastens to where, over the side of the precipice, it stands on a narrow ledge, ready to fall into the depths below and be dashed to pieces.

At the risk of his life, he leans over and lifts it up, and sets it in safety by his side. He does not beat or scold it or drive it back to the fold, but speaks to it tenderly and strokes it, and lifts it on his shoulder rejoicing, and so carries it home, and when he gets back to the fold, calls together his friends and neighbors saying: "Rejoice with me because I have found my sheep that was lost."

"I am the Good Shepherd," said our Lord, "and I lay down My life for My sheep." When He told this story, the day was drawing near when He was going to give His life for His sheep. He was always thinking of that day and longing for it, because by His cruel death we, whom He loved so dearly, were to be saved.

CONSIDER



Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is
brief:—

We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:—
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns: and your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?

ST. MATTHEW VI. 26

SOME LITTLE LAKE-DWELLERS

MR. BEAVER was quite right in saying that he and his family have greatly improved our country and that we ought to allow them to work in their own way. These interesting little pond people have, indeed, accomplished wonderful things for us by their industry. The dams, which they build across brooks and at the sources of rivers, are a great benefit to us, for they keep back the water and prevent it from running away to the sea too quickly.

If the water, which fills the streams during rainy days and in spring when the snow melts, were not checked by some means, it would rush rapidly away to the ocean, often doing much damage all along its course. But if it is kept back by dams and by forest trees, which take up the moisture, it will then run more slowly on its journey, refreshing the thirsty land as it goes.

A river which flows steadily throughout the year is a great blessing to all who live along its banks, for, as we know, we could not live if we did not have water. There could be no animal nor vegetable life without it.

Large sums of money are expended every year to protect our streams, so that we may have this precious water during the hot, dry months of summer. And so it is, that the beavers help us, for their dams serve the same purpose.

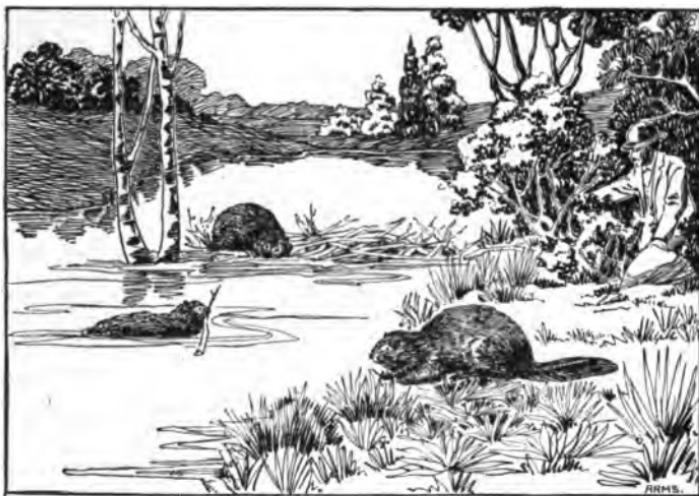
When a dam is built, a reservoir is formed, which soon fills with water, making a little lake. After the reservoir is entirely full, the overflow runs over the dam and so on down through the valley in a quiet, even stream.

We have already heard from the old beaver himself how these wonderful animals cut down trees and build their dams. It is very interesting to watch a colony of beavers at this work, but it is not often possible, for at the least sound they scamper out of sight.

After the tree falls and the little woodmen have cut it into sections, they drag the limbs first to the dam. A beaver tosses a long bushy branch over his shoulder, holding one end firmly with his teeth, and starts off. When he reaches the stream he tows it along very easily, swimming with his powerful hind feet and using his tail for a rudder.

In laying the foundation for a dam, these wise little builders first place the largest branches side by side across the creek with the butt ends up stream. In this way the current disturbs the branches least, and they can most easily be held in place and fastened with stones and earth.

Then more and more branches are piled above them, filled in with mud, grass-roots and stones, and then shorter pieces of brush and sticks and a great many small stones. The upper slope of the dam is smoothly faced with clay,



"MORE AND MORE BRANCHES ARE PILED."

so that very little of its framework is in sight. But the lower side shows the sticks and poles woven firmly together.

After the dam is finished, it is a highway for all the wild folk of the forest. Across this convenient bridge, bears and wolves, porcupines and rabbits often pass back and forth, and on moonlight nights graceful deer cast their reflections in the quiet pond, as they glide past. But the little lake-dwellers are "secure in their watery citadel," and are not disturbed by the travelers along the highway.

Little by little the dam accumulates mud, and in time is covered with earth, where willows soon begin to grow. As years go by, the pond becomes entirely filled with rich

soil which has been washed down from the mountains. In this way level land is formed, which is called a "beaver meadow."

There is an old Indian legend which says that after the earth was created, beavers smoothed it down and prepared it for the abode of man. Certainly it is true that, both on mountain and plain, we may still see much of the good work accomplished by them ages ago. In the mountains, deep gulches have been filled up, and in the valleys much soil from the hills has been formed into level meadows. Many of the most productive places bordering the streams of our country are beaver meadows.

It is very wonderful that even wild creatures by doing their own work and following the instincts implanted in them, were designed to help mankind, making this earth a better and more beautiful place in which to live.



A FABLE

I know not what sly little fairy
Crept into the woods that day,
But every birdie tried singing,
Each in his neighbor's way.

Said Robin, "I'm tired of shouting
My loud notes the whole day through,
I'll warble softly and sweetly,
Like my neighbor dressed in blue."

Said Bluebird, "I'm tired of singing
My poor little piping song;
I'll make my notes like a robin's
Saucy and bold and strong."

Said Bobolink, ceasing his singing
Atop of a blossoming spray,
"I'm sick of my tinkling nonsense,
I'll sing like a thrush to-day."

Said the Thrush, "I'm tired of lisping
Sad notes to these shadows dark,
I'll hie me away to the meadows
And merrily sing like the lark."

Bobolink began;—such an odd little noise—
Said the solemn pine-trees, "Hush!
You're just a saucy meadow bird,
You never will be a thrush."

The thrush and robin and bluebird!
You ought to have heard the brook
Laugh at their queer performances;
The grasses bent double and shook

Their airy heads with laughter,
The daisies stared and blushed
For their friends, the little musicians.
Just then the gray sky flushed,

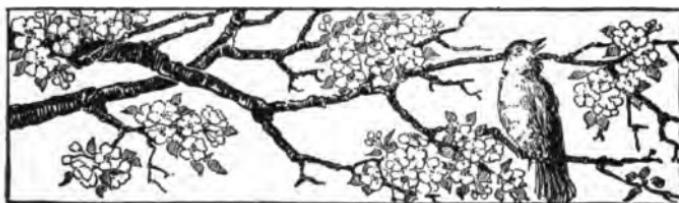
And the sun came up to the rescue,
Wearing his comforting smile,
“My dears,” he said, “this nonsense
Is never worth your while.

“Go each and attend to singing
Your own sweet song of praise,
There’s naught in the world so foolish
As aping your neighbor’s ways.”

SELECTED

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,—
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good,—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There’s nothing so kingly as *Kindness*
And nothing so royal as *Truth*.

ALICE CARY



THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the appletree where he is swinging:
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat—
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the appletree, swinging and swaying:

“Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer—
Summer is coming! and *springtime* is here!

“Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and *springtime* is here!”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

MAGGIE'S NEW ACQUAINTANCE

[Maggie, Charlie and Stephen were three little friends and schoolmates who lived in a village on the seacoast of Maine near the city of Portland.

One day after a severe storm when the surf was running high, they went down to play on the beach, and while there they made the acquaintance of a very pleasant gentleman.]

THE day was clear and bright; the sun was warm with spring gentleness; the wind had died down, but the sea had not yet ceased its raging, and the white line of surges rushed toward the land only to dash upon the defiant rocks and break into glittering spray high in the air above them.

It was a grand sight, and although many children, who have always lived by the sea, grow indifferent to its grandeur, we three were ardent lovers of old ocean in all its phases; and we were filled now with awe and admiration as the mighty billows came rolling and tumbling in toward the shore.

We watched the surf in silence; we hailed it with delight; we counted again and again to find the wondrous "ninth wave" that never really comes. Then growing bolder, we would challenge it to assail us, standing valiantly out on the dripping rocks; or we would flee wildly when some mighty wave broke far in advance of its forerunners and threatened to annihilate us.

"Ho!" Charlie would shout, racing down the sand after the receding water. "I am not afraid! I will beat you down, Steve!"

Then I would follow him in his reckless daring, while Maggie also would run timidly down the firm, wet beach a little way, until the next incoming breaker would cause us to turn and dash for dear life, shrieking and laughing, toward the higher ground, well out of the reach of danger.

This was great sport, but suddenly our fun came to an end, for Maggie's shriek of assumed terror merged into a cry of real distress, as a loose and treacherous stone turned beneath her unsteady foot, and in an instant she disappeared from our startled sight.

We looked at each other in dismay. Then Charlie rushed back, for we were both far in advance of our little companion.

"Over the cliff—she has gone over the cliff, Steve!" he cried. "What is down there—rocks?"

I feared so, and almost dreaded to look over. But it must be done, so wasting no time, we sprang to the edge of the cliff, and flinging ourselves to the ground, peered breathlessly down.

Thank fortune! it was all green, almost lawn-like ground beneath, and there, just below us, we saw Maggie half laughing, half crying beside a pleasant looking gentleman, whom we did not know.

He was of medium height, but the silk hat that he wore made him appear rather tall, and gave him an exceedingly distinguished appearance. But there was something about his face which took away all thought of haughtiness or pride, and which naturally attracted us to him. With calm and gentle voice, he was now trying to soothe the spirits of our frightened little maiden, who had just tumbled down from the rock above.

We gave a loud cry of relief and joy, and hearing us, they both looked up quickly, while the stranger with laughing eyes shook his finger at us in playful disapproval.

"See here, see here, boys!" he cried, "this will never do. Are you using this young lady as a ball, tossing her through the air in this unceremonious fashion? Well, the game is over. Come down and explain yourselves, startling a quiet gentleman out of his meditations by this peculiar kind of ball playing."

We were down beside them by this time full of inquiry, for we saw that Maggie had not really been hurt but only frightened by her fall. At that particular point, the cliff broke less than half way to the bottom into a soft grassy slope. Down this decline the little girl had simply rolled, until she had been stopped in her course by sliding plump against the astonished stranger, who was sitting on the sheltered bank looking off at the tossing sea.

We joined in the laughter and in the soothing, until we

had brought Maggie back to her usual happiness and gaiety; and so we fell to talking with the gentleman, who was alike friendly and dignified.

He asked us our names and where we lived; he told us that he was down for the day, looking after some repairs on the cottage, which he occupied in the summer; and he talked so simply and kindly about the sea and shore, the surf and the rocks, about our studies and amusements and what we did with ourselves, that we were altogether charmed with him and behaved ourselves, I am still pleased to remember, quite like quiet, well-reared children.

He inquired about the sights on that headland, which, even when we were boys and girls, had been discovered and colonized as a summer home by many Boston people. We were well acquainted with the geography of the place, for it was one of our favorite tramps, and we assured him that we knew it all from Swallow's Cave and Pulpit Rock to Spouting Horn and Castle Rock, and Tudor's Grove and the great hotel on the point.

"But you don't know the Twelve Apostles, do you?" he asked.

We looked at him in perplexity, not understanding the connection. But Charlie answered quickly, "Why, certainly! We go to Sunday school."

Our new friend laughed heartily and patted Charlie on the back.

"I am sure you do," he said, "and I am sure you all learn your Sunday school lessons well. But the Twelve Apostles that I mean, are not those whom you hear about in Sunday school. They are the trunks of a tree."

This was a surprise indeed. We thought we knew everything in the vicinity, but the "Twelve Apostles" we had never seen. So he proposed that we walk along the shore with him, saying that he would show us the tree.

And there it stood, sure enough. I have seen and exhibited it many times since, but I have never forgotten my first introduction.

It was a great willow with twelve distinct trunks springing from a single, massive root—just twelve; we counted them all.

"And do you notice this one?" asked our friend, tapping one of the trunks with his light cane. "See, it has a black heart. Which apostle is it?"

"Why—Judas!" cried Maggie, deeply interested.

"Right, my dear," he answered. "All the others, you see, are clean and smooth from bottom to top. But this one, with an ugly, black scar on its side, is Judas. Poor Judas!"

It almost seemed to us as if he were really sorry for Judas. We looked surprised, and Charlie exclaimed: "Sorry for Judas, sir! Why, he was the worst man that ever lived."

"And therefore our pity should be all the deeper, Charlie," said the stranger. "The blacker the crime, the greater the sorrow. But then," he added, "there is always a black sheep in every flock, you know. So here is this Judas trunk as one of the twelve. I suppose you could name a black sheep, yourselves, if you tried—right among your playmates, too, perhaps, couldn't you?"

We three looked at one another, and then as with one voice, answered:

"Why, yes, sir—Sam Tarbox!"

"And who is Sam Tarbox?" asked the gentleman.

Then we all began at once to tell him about Sam; that he was the worst boy in the village, that his father could do nothing with him, and that we were fully determined to reform him, but did not quite know how to do it.

"That is a good chance for each one of you, I am sure," he said, "if you only go to work in the right way."

"That is what we mean to do," said Charlie, "but Sam is a pretty hard case!"

"Then the greater the victory if you succeed," replied the stranger.

Charlie looked at us triumphantly. "That is just what I told you," said he.

"Can't you advise us, sir?" asked Maggie, slipping her hand into that of her new friend.

"Reformers, my dear," he answered with a smile, "must

find out their own ways and use their own methods. It isn't always safe to advise reformers. You are not the first boys and girls who have tried to grapple with evil. Do you know the story of the Children's Crusade?"

It just happened that we did, much to our own and his satisfaction. For only the week before our history teacher had told us the entrancing and tragic story. So Charlie replied almost in one breath:

"Yes, indeed, it was in the thirteenth century, and Stephen of Cloyes was only twelve years old when he organized the crusade, and thirty thousand children started from Venice to drive the Mohammedans from the Holy Land, and they all were lost or sold into slavery."

"And," I interrupted, anxious to air my knowledge, "Nicholas of Germany set out with twenty thousand children to cross the Alps into Italy. Some of them died on the way, but the others reached Rome where the Pope received them kindly. He told them that they must go right back home, but they must keep their vows when they were grown up."

"Bravo, children," exclaimed our new acquaintance, "your history must be a favorite study and you remember it well. Now here is a modern children's crusade, to conquer not the Moslems, but—Sam Tarbox."

"He is worse than a Moslem," said Charlie.

"And he won't let us reform him—I just know he won't," said Maggie. "Sam is awful."

"Try gentle and kindly measures first, my dear," said the stranger. "They say you can kill with kindness. So, if you can kill out the badness in this Moslem of yours by kindness toward his faults, you may reform him, indeed, and the new children's crusade will be a glorious success—unless," he added after a pause, "he is a bully and a coward. Such boys are almost beyond reformation."

"A coward! That is just what Sam Tarbox is," cried Charlie, shaking his head vigorously. "That is why I say gentle ways won't do. I think it is best just to go for him until he has to be better, like the plucky fellow in that new Indian poem—what was his name?—Mudjekeewis. Don't you know he faced the Big Bear and taunted him, just went for him? How does it go, Steve? You spoke it last week in school. It's fine."

I agreed so well with Charlie in this idea of his that, though we were beside the tree of the Twelve Apostles, who certainly would not have approved such a spirit, I launched into the defiant speech of Mudjekeewis:

"And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:

“Hark you, Bear! You are a coward,
And no brave, as you pretended;
Or you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear, sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying
Like a wretched Shangodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!””

At first our new friend had given a little start of surprise as Charlie mentioned the poem. When I had finished, he applauded softly and looked at me, I thought, very queerly.

“What is that from?” he asked.

“Why,” I replied, proud to enlighten him, “It’s from Longfellow’s new poem ‘Hiawatha.’ I think it is great.”

And Maggie and Charlie nodded approval of my literary judgment and both echoed, “Great!”

“And how did you happen to learn it?” asked the stranger.

“Oh, at home,” I replied. “We always read all the new books at my house, most of them aloud. And this thing just learns itself, doesn’t it? It runs so smoothly. I am going to write a composition in that meter, Maggie.”

"As if you could," laughed Charlie.

"Well, he can," championed Maggie. "Steve is an awfully good poet."

"Is that so?" said the stranger. "Longfellow will have to look out for his laurels, I am afraid, if Steve is going to enter the field. Well, good-by, my dears. I must go up to the house and see how the carpenters are getting on. Then I must catch the train for Boston. I am glad to have met you, and I hope we shall become much better acquainted before the summer is over."

"I hope I did not hurt you, sir," said Maggie, recalling the manner in which she had made his acquaintance.

"Oh, no, my dear, I enjoyed it," was the laughing reply. "In fact, you have been a constant surprise from first to last. And, boys," he went on, "if I were you, I should



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

trust to Maggie rather than to Charlie to reform Sam Tarbox. I think the Ancient Mariner's doctrine is better than that of Mudjekeewis. You know 'The Ancient Mariner,' of course. Literary folks like you must have made his acquaintance."

Charlie and Maggie looked at me for advice. But I was equal to the occasion. "Why, yes, he's the fellow that shot the big bird on the ship—the—the—"

"Oh! I know, the albatross," cried Maggie.

"That is the man! What prodigies of learning you all are!" said the stranger, with a smile of approval. "I should like to show you a book I have at home. It is 'The Ancient Mariner,' and it belonged to Coleridge, the man who wrote that splendid poem. It has some of Coleridge's handwriting in it."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Maggie, enthusiastically.

"You know what Coleridge says in the poem, do you not?"

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest;
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

"Even Sam Tarbox, you know. That is good doctrine; better, I think, than the hot words of your Indian friend Mudjekeewis. Try it on Sam, my young reformer. Good-by!"

And with a friendly nod to us and a pat on the cheek for Maggie, our new acquaintance turned away to walk up the hill.

We "made our manners" properly, as we had been taught; then as we faced toward town, Charlie said:

"I wonder what his name is. We never asked him."

Quick as a flash, Maggie was speeding after the stranger.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, prettily, "but—what is your name—please? We would like to know and—we told you ours, you know."

"My name?" we heard him say. "Well, my dear, I don't know about giving it to you, if Steve is going to play the rival. My name is Longfellow."

"What! the 'Hiawatha man'?" almost shouted Charlie; and then, as our new friend strode briskly up the hill, we three stood stock still, looking after him in wonder, admiration and awe. For in our homes we had been taught to reverence a true poet; and in our hearts the "Hiawatha man" occupied a very warm place.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS



THE CHICKADEE

“Were it not for me,”
Said a chickadee,
“Not a single flower on earth would be;
For under the ground they soundly sleep,
And never venture an upward peep,
Till they hear from me,
Chickadee-dee-dee!

“I tell Jack Frost when ‘tis time to go
And carry away the ice and snow;
And then I hint to the jolly old sun,
‘A little spring work, sir, should be done.’
And he smiles around
On the frozen ground,

And I keep up my cheery, cheery sound,
Till echo declares in glee, in glee;
'Tis he! 'tis he!
The chickadee-dee!

"And then I waken the birds of spring,—
'Ho, ho! 'tis time to be on the wing.'
They trill and twitter and soar aloft,
And I send the winds to whisper soft,
Down by the little flowerbeds,
Saying, 'Come, show your pretty heads!
The spring is coming, you see, you see!
For so sings he,
The chickadee-dee!"'

The sun, he smiled; and the early flowers
Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,
And song birds gathered in bush and tree;
But the wind he laughed right merrily,
As the saucy mite of a snowbird he
Chirped away, "Do you see, see, see?
I did it all!
Chickadee-dee!"

SIDNEY DAYRE

THE SNOWBIRD

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

JOHN TROWBRIDGE



A LAUGHING CHORUS

O H, such a commotion under
the ground,
When March called, "Ho,
there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far
and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;
And, "Are you ready?" the
Snowdrop asked,
"Tis time to start, you
know."

"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

SELECTED

IN THE SPRING

Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing.
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!
Comes the spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.
And the air grows warm and pleasant.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

From the Song of Hiawatha

HOLLAND



HOLLAND is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land or Contrary-Land, for in nearly everything it is different from other parts of the world. In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes or bulwarks have been erected at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs.

Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages. Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers and lakes are everywhere to be seen. One is tempted to ask, "Which is Holland—the shores or the water?" The entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, as a poet has called it:

"A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

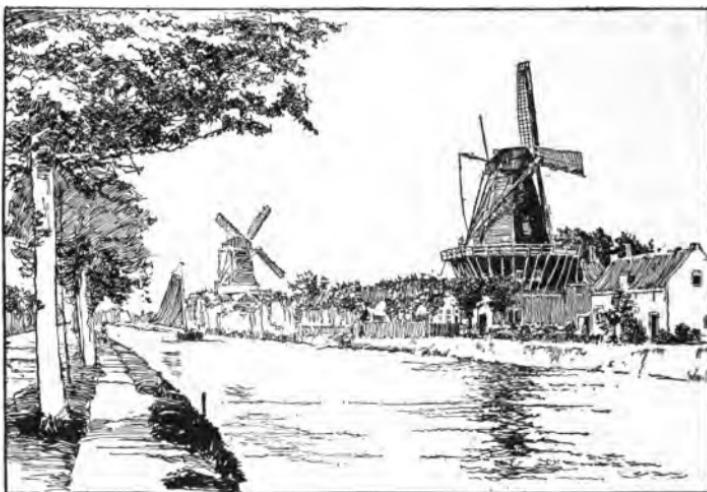
The farms are merely lakes pumped dry. These fair fields, where now herds of cattle are quietly feeding, were

but a little while ago covered with deep water. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say, "We intend to keep dry if we can." Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire. In short, the landscape everywhere suggests a paradise for ducks.

It is a glorious country in summer for barefooted girls and boys. Such wadings! such mimic ship sailing! such rowing, fishing and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles, where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip! But enough! A full recital would set all young America rushing in a body toward the Zuyder Zee.

Dutch cities seem at first sight to be a bewildering jungle of houses, bridges, churches and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples and trees. In some cities, vessels are hitched like horses to their owners' door-posts and receive their freight from the upper windows. Mothers call to Lodewyk and Kassy not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned. Water-fences in the form of lazy green ditches enclose pleasure-ground, farm and garden.

Water-roads or canals are more frequent there than common roads and railways. They intersect the country in every direction, and are of all sizes from the great North



"GREAT FLAPPING WINDMILLS"

Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap. Water omnibuses constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers, and water drays are used for carrying fuel and merchandise. Persons are born, live and die and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn and from barn to garden.

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea-birds were just settling upon it. There are said to be, at least, ninety-nine hundred large windmills in Holland. They are used in sawing tim-

ber, beating hemp, grinding and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the lowlands into the canals. Oak gates or sluices are placed at short distances across the entrance of a canal to regulate the amount of water flowing into them.

In winter, as well as in summer, the canals present a gay and lively scene. Then, instead of rowboats and drays, there are sledges and iceboats, sliding over the crystal paths, and many skaters skimming to and fro. In Holland everybody skates, high and low, rich and poor, for business or for pleasure. People often go long distances from one city to another and back again the same day. Dutch ladies skate to town for their marketing and shopping, and boys and girls skate to school. Men, women and children spend delightful hours, gliding for miles over the glassy highways. Who would not like to spend a winter in Holland?

In the spring, there is always great danger from inland freshets, because the rivers, choked with blocks of ice, overflow before they can discharge their rapidly rising waters into the ocean. Added to this, the sea chafing and pressing against the dikes, it is no wonder that Holland is often in a state of alarm. The greatest care is taken to prevent accidents. Engineers and workmen are stationed all along in threatened places, and a close watch is kept up night and day. Even the little children know perfectly well

how great the danger is. They will shudder at the thought of a leak in the dike.

There is a famous story of one little boy in Haarlem, who once saved the city from death and destruction. He found a tiny hole where the water was trickling through, and pressing his hand over the place, this brave little fellow stayed there until help could come. Every child in Holland knows this story, and loves to hear it over and over, and each one longs to prove that he could be like Peter, the little "Hero of Haarlem."

We call this little country "The Land of Pluck," and surely the people have well earned the name by their thrift and perseverance. There is not a richer or more carefully tilled garden spot in the whole world than this leaky, springy, little country. There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive-looking inhabitants. A long line of illustrious men and women have made Holland very proud of her people and of their history. Well may she be proud, and well may we all admire this brave little country, "The Land of Pluck."

MARY MAPES DODGE (Adapted)



THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

The good dame looked from her cottage,
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play,
“Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set.”

Then the goodwife turned to her labor
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,

Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with a face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place.
Alas! if only a blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.

But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah, well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!"
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter.
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know,
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry night.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
'Till the sun is under the sea;

Crying and moaning 'till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black,
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead," she cries, "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
'Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife:
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"

So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good,
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
As long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PHOEBE CARY

*"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."*



ANCIENT ENGLAND

If you look at a map of the World, you will see in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland form the greater part of these islands. Ireland is the next in size. The little neighboring islands, which are so small upon the map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland—broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before Our Saviour was born on earth and lay asleep in a manger, these islands were in the same place, and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But the sea was not alive



THE BRITISH ISLES AND NORTHWESTERN EUROPE

then, with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts of the world. It was very lonely. The foaming waves dashed against the cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over the forests.

The whole country was covered with woods and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall made of mud or of the trunks of trees placed one upon another.

The early Britons were a wild, bold people, hardy, brave and strong, dressed in the rough skins of animals and living upon the flesh of their sheep and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever

in basketwork and they could make a coarse kind of cloth and some very bad earthenware. But in building fortresses they were much more skillful.

They made boats of basketwork covered with the skins of animals, but they seldom ventured far from the shore. They made swords of copper mixed with tin, and light shields, short,

pointed daggers and spears, which they jerked back, after they had thrown them at an enemy, by a long strip of leather fastened to the stem. The butt-end of the spear was a rattle to frighten an enemy's horse.



Drawn from an old print

AN ANCIENT BRITISH WAR-CHARIOT

These people were divided into as many as thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own little king. They were constantly fighting with one another, and they always fought with these weapons.

They were very fond of horses and could manage them wonderfully well. The trusty animals understood and

obeyed every word of command. In their battles, the Britons used war-chariots to which swords were fastened. These chariots were low and open at the back, and in each there was room for four men to stand, one to drive and three to fight.

The chariot horses were well trained. They would tear at full gallop over rough, stony ways and even through the woods. And in a moment, while at full speed, they would stop at the driver's command and would stand still in all the din and noise of battle, while their masters went to fight on foot.

The Britons had a strange heathen religion, the religion of the Druids. They worshiped the sun and moon, and gods and goddesses like those of the Greeks and Romans. There were great temples and altars of stone, open to the sky, some fragments of which are still to be found on Salisbury Plain in the south of England.

Most of their religious ceremonies were kept secret by the Druid priests, who carried magician's wands and pretended to be enchanters. These priests met in dark woods which they called "sacred groves." They had a great veneration for oak trees, indeed the word Druid means "man of oak," and they revered also the mistletoe, when it was found upon the oak. Mistletoe is an evergreen bush with white berries, which attaches itself to the trunk and branches of trees. The oak and the mistletoe,

sacred to their gods, entered largely into all this heathen worship.

Such was the condition of the ancient Britons fifty-five years before the birth of Our Saviour. At this time the Romans were masters of all the rest of the known world. Their most famous general, Julius Cæsar, had just conquered Gaul, and hearing a great deal about the opposite island with the white cliffs, and about the bravery of the people who inhabited it, he resolved to conquer that country also.

So, with many thousand men, he came sailing over the sea, expecting to subdue these islanders easily. But it was not so easy to do this as he supposed, for the bold Britons fought bravely. It was many, many years, long after the time of Julius Cæsar, before the Romans succeeded in gaining possession even of the southern part of the island. This portion then became a Roman province.

The tribes in the North, the Picts and Scots, were still unsubdued. The Picts were the people of Scotland or Alban, as it was then called; and the Scots were the Irish, who crossing over to Alban sometimes settled there, and frequently joined the Picts in their raids southwards.

They began to make inroads upon the fine, rich land in the South, so the Romans built a great stone wall across the country from sea to sea, for the purpose of keeping out these Picts and Scots, whom they called "barbarians."

Centuries after this, the country north of the wall, the land of the Scots, was called Scotland, and that south of the wall, Angleland or England from the Angles, who came to live there.

The ruins of this Roman wall, overrun with moss and weeds, are still standing, on which shepherds and

their dogs now lie sleeping in sunny weather. And yet it was built long before the Angles and Saxons came over the sea and made their home here.

In the old times, it was a great protection. The Romans had made it



so strong that the northern tribes could not break through. But they often came round the end of it by sea in their boats, which were made of hoops covered with skins. Here they landed and did much mischief. And there were other enemies also, who came in pirate ships across the North Sea to plunder on the seacoast.

However, while the Romans remained on the island, they were able to ward off these many foes. They protected

the people, and greatly improved the country as well. They drained the marshes, established towns, built forts and bridges and made fine roads.

They instructed the Britons in many useful things, so that their whole manner of living was changed for the better. Above all, it was in the Roman time that the Christian religion was first brought into Britain. The people were taught to give up their terrible heathen rites and sacrifices. Because for all men everywhere, a sacrifice had been offered on Calvary.

But at length the Roman soldiers were obliged to leave the island, for they were needed in their own country. Then the Britons had to defend themselves as well as they could against their warlike neighbors.

The Picts and Scots soon came pouring in over the unguarded wall. They seized upon the sheep and cattle. They plundered the richest towns, and did every sort of mischief. And, as if this were not trouble enough, the Saxons from Germany attacked the island by sea.

At last the Britons resolved to make peace with these warlike enemies north of the Rhine, and to beg them for help in driving the Picts and the Scots back across the border. So the Saxons came over the sea, and helped the Britons, receiving land as a reward for their services.

But this soon proved to be far more than the Britons had intended. Great companies of Angles and Saxons

came pouring into Britain. They wished to have these rich fertile lands for themselves. The poor Britons falling back before those hosts of fighting men, whom they had innocently invited over as friends, retired into Wales and the adjacent country.

Hunted down in their homes and driven from place to place, they were almost in despair, when a great king arose among them, who was to lead his people to victory. This was the famous hero, "Good King Arthur."

He gathered around him a company of brave heroes and warriors, who were known as the "Knights of the Round Table." They conquered the Saxons in many battles, and bravely defended the people for many years.

It is said that King Arthur's court was at Camelot on the rugged western coast of Wales. Here, there are still to be seen very ancient ruins which are supposed to be fragments of his castle.

The heroic deeds of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table so long ago, would have been quite forgotten but for the tales and songs of the Bards. These story-tellers used to go from castle to castle recounting the virtues and the victories of the forefathers. In this way they preserved the history of those times, and kept it alive in the hearts of the people.

The tales were not written until many years later, and no doubt they were added to and greatly changed, as time

went on. So they are not all true, of course; you would not think that, I am sure, though they seemed true to the people, who loved and admired their brave heroes. No, the stories are not all true, but the meaning of them is true and will be true forever and that is: "Do right, and God will help you."

CHARLES DICKENS (Adapted)

TRUE KNIGHTHOOD

But I was first of all the kings who drew
The Knighthood errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as models for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

ALFRED TENNYSON

From The Idylls of the King

THE BARDS



IN old times, there were minstrels in nearly all countries, who went about from place to place entertaining the people by singing and playing upon musical instruments and sometimes by reciting poems.

In the lands where the Celts lived, that is, in Britain, Ireland and in some other countries in northern Europe, these minstrels were called bards. Here they were especially loved and honored.

They composed poems which they sang or recited, telling of the noble lives and brave deeds of heroes. These songs were learned by the people, and were passed down from one generation to another. In this way only could historical events be remembered for, as you know, there were very few books in those days.

In times of peace, these poet-singers led very pleasant lives. As they traveled over the country from chieftain's house to lordly castle, they were everywhere welcome, and were treated to the best the host could afford. Knights and fair ladies delighted to listen to their songs and stories.

A bard usually wore a dark crimson cloak upon his travels, but in the banquet hall, his costume was often much more elaborate. Then, he might wear a long green

cloak fastened with a white clasp, on his head a golden band, and around his waist a beautiful red girdle with slippers and stockings to match.

“ You may see by their trappings,
And their gold rings,
That they’re familiar with the King.
They’re possessed of red cloaks,
And fair rimmed shields,
And silver strapped swords,
And gilt belts,
And chased helmets,
And armlets, good store,
These servants of the Prince.”

When this splendid personage stood up to sing, his hand sweeping over the strings of his sweet instrument, all eyes were turned to him in love and admiration.

At festivals and grand assemblies, the bard was a prominent figure. Besides playing on a pipe or harp, he always announced the coming of the princes. It was his office also to chant or recite the laws of the nation and to sing religious hymns.

In times of war, the duties of the bards were very important. They preceded the armies into battle, raising the war cry, and playing the national air. This inspired the soldiers with courage. The bards were also the messengers sent by the king to make terms of peace with the enemy.



THE BARD IN THE BANQUET HALL

They were banded together into a society or Bardic Order. This was regulated by laws, in which the duties and privileges were all made plain. In Wales there was this regulation:

"In case of fighting, the Bard shall play the 'Monarchy of Britain' before the battle!

His land shall be free, he shall have a horse from the King!
He shall have a harp from the King, and a gold ring from the Queen

When he is appointed. The harp he shall never part with."

Besides these various gifts, the bard was accorded a regular salary, for his services were considered very valuable.

From time to time song contests were held, in which the most famous bards from the different districts competed for a prize. These great festivals were attended by princes and nobles, who acted as judges in the contest.

It was the custom to allow free passage everywhere to the minstrels. You remember how King Alfred of England went among his enemies disguised as a bard, and again how, in the siege of Vienna, the Pole, Kolszicki, found his way into the Turkish camp.

Among the stories of ancient Britain, we read that, at one time, the Saxons had retreated to York, which was at once besieged by King Arthur. A brother of the Saxon chief wanted to pass through the British lines into the city, and to carry the good news that reënforcement was coming from Germany.

He arrayed himself in the costume of a bard, and went among the British warriors, playing all the while upon his harp. In this disguise, he walked up and down the lines, drawing nearer and nearer the walls, and soon made himself known to the sentinel. At night, when all was still, a rope was lowered, and he was drawn up safely into the city.

The minstrels often accompanied knights and pilgrims into far countries, especially to the Holy Land in the time of the Crusades, or Holy Wars. These Crusades were for the purpose of regaining the Holy Sepulchre from the hands

of the heathen, who desecrated the holy places and persecuted Christian pilgrims. They were called Crusades from a Latin word which means cross.

As you remember, St. Louis of France was a very valiant hero who led an army into Palestine. Another famous crusader was King Richard of England, named the Lion-Hearted, because he was so perfectly fearless.

On one of these expeditions, this princely hero was taken prisoner and nothing was heard of him for a long time. Finally, his favorite minstrel at court, whom Richard himself had trained in the art, resolved to go in search of his royal master.

He traveled to far distant lands, seeking everywhere in cottage and in castle, but to no avail. At last, he came to a castle in which, so he learned, there was a knight imprisoned, but no one would tell his name.

The faithful bard must have suspected who it was, for one day, as he sat at a window, he began to sing a song which he and Richard had composed together. After singing a few measures, he paused and listened intently. Then from another part of the castle came the well-known voice of Richard, taking up the familiar melody and singing it to the end.

The minstrel now knew that he had found his beloved master. He hastened home to England to tell the good news, so that soldiers could go at once to the rescue.

In these early times, the loyal bards could often perform services for their king and country, which even the brave knights and heroes could not do. They were indeed true patriots, and it is no wonder they were loved and honored by all their fellow-countrymen.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
“Land of song!” said the warrior bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spake again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

THOMAS MOORE

HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

"Who should be king save him who sets us free?"

TENNYSON

AMONG the old stories which the bards used to tell about King Arthur, was one of how he became king of Britain. His father, King Uther, had ruled the people with wisdom and justice for many years, but now the time had come when he must die.

So he sent for Merlin, a wise magician, one of his best counsellors, and said to him, "Merlin, I know that I have not long to live. Take, then, my little son, Prince Arthur, and bring him up in secret. Do not let these fierce lords and barons know of his hiding place, for each one himself wishes to be king, and my son's life would be in danger."

And Merlin said, "Sir, after your days shall your son Arthur rule in your place?"

"That is my will," said King Uther. "I give him my blessing, and bid him pray for my soul, and when he is of age, to claim the crown which rightfully belongs to him."

Then King Uther died, and Merlin went to the palace at night, and carried away the little prince to keep him safe from the cruel barons. He took him to Sir Ector, a brave knight, asking him to bring up the child with his own son, Kay, but not telling him who little Arthur was.

And so Arthur lived for several years in Sir Ector's

home, a great, square, stone castle with a tower at each corner. Around the castle was a moat to protect it from enemies and this moat was crossed by a little bridge, which could be lowered or raised.

Sometimes, as Arthur lay on the grass under the trees watching the brown deer feeding in the forest and the gray squirrels frisking about, he would hear the pit-pat of horses' hoofs, the soft jingling of bells and then bursts of merry laughter.

Soon, a whole troop of gay knights and ladies on their prancing steeds would come in sight among the trees. The knights wore bright, shining armor made of tiny links of steel. Their saddles were made of ivory, and the bridles of gold and silver with little silver bells, which made sweet music, as the horses tossed their heads and curvetted about. The habits of the ladies were very beautiful, made of silk and velvet, crimson, blue, gold and green, and their horses were very gay in their trappings of purple or scarlet with swinging bells.

Perhaps this merry party would be coming as visitors to the castle. Then Arthur would blow a little horn, which would summon the porter to unlock the gates; Sir Ector would stand on the bridge to welcome his guests; Arthur, Kay and the other young squires would take charge of the horses, and the visitors would be led into the large hall of the castle, where a rich banquet would be served them.

But Arthur's time was not all spent in pleasures of this kind. It was the custom in those days in Britain to train young princes and lords to be knights. For many hours each day, they practised with lance and spear, riding their horses at full gallop. This was to give them strength and skill in war, for in those days there were many wars.

Then the squires had many services to perform for the knights at the castle. They must keep all the armor bright and clean; they must carry letters and messages and they must serve the guests at table. They spent much time, too, with the ladies and maidens in the castle, for they must learn to be gentle and quiet in manner and always courteous.

A knight must not only be skillful and brave, but he must be unselfish, faithful and true. He must be ready to redress any wrong, he must defend the weak, be loyal to friends, merciful to foes, and just and kind to everyone.

All this it was to be a true knight, and Arthur was trying to learn and to do perfectly all that was required of him. There was no one so brave and skillful as he, none so gentle and courteous. Already he was famous among all the young squires in the country. What a noble knight he would become, and what splendid deeds he would perform!

During all these years, Merlin had watched and guarded him so that no harm should come to the future king. The

country was in a sad state. The wild, fierce barons were quarreling among themselves. They strengthened their castles and made war on their neighbors, and the poor suffered, for there was no one to defend them.

It was time now, as Merlin thought, for Arthur to claim the crown. So he went to the Archbishop and told him who the lad was, the rightful king of Britain.

Then the Archbishop sent to all the great lords in the kingdom, commanding them to come to London at Christmas time and assemble in the great cathedral. "For," said he, "there shall be a miracle by which all men may see who is to be king."

As soon as this message from the Archbishop was received, all the lords and chief men in the kingdom hastened to obey, and at Christmas they came riding into London to keep the birth feast of Our Lord.

Long before day they were all in the cathedral praying and looking for the sign which was surely to be given them. As they were going out after the first mass, they saw in the churchyard a large square stone which was not there when they entered. And there, thrust into the stone was a sword, and underneath were written these words, "Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone is rightful king of Britain."

Then all the lords in turn tried to pull out the sword, but not one could stir it from its place. "The king is not

here," said the Archbishop. "There must be another trial."

He appointed guards to watch over the stone, and he then ordered that all the lords and knights should come together on New Year's Day. Every knight in the whole kingdom could then have a chance to try his skill and see if he were the king to be chosen.

Among those who rode up to London on New Year's Day was the young prince, Arthur, with his foster father, Sir Ector, and Sir Kay, but the lad did not know about the contest for the sword. After they had entered the city, Sir Kay found that he had left his sword at home, and Arthur courteously offered at once to go back for it. When he reached the castle, the gate was closed, for all had gone to the contest. So, much vexed and disappointed, he rode back to London.

Passing the cathedral, he saw the sword sticking out of the stone, and he said to himself, "My brother, Sir Kay, shall not go without a sword this day. That one does not seem to belong to any one. I will take it to him." Then leaping to the ground, he stretched out his hand and quickly and easily he pulled the sword out of the stone and took it to Sir Kay.

When Sir Ector and Sir Kay saw the sword, they were greatly astonished and they said to Arthur, "Sir, you are to be king of this land." They all three went to the Arch-



bishop and related to him all that had happened. The Archbishop immediately called together the lords and knights, and proclaimed Arthur king, and all the people cried, "We will have Arthur for our king."

After this, there was a great coronation, and the brave men and fair ladies in all Britain were present. Arthur knelt while the Archbishop placed the golden crown upon his head. He promised to be a good king and to govern with justice all the days of his life, and the people loudly cheered and shouted, "God save King Arthur! God save our noble king!"

King Arthur began at once to right all the wrongs that had been done since the death of his father, King Uther. He defended the poor from all oppression, and he would not allow any injustice anywhere in his kingdom. So, from the very first and always, the people called him "Our Good King Arthur."

KING ARTHUR'S COURT AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

THUS Arthur was made king, but he had to fight for his own. There were eleven great kings, who banded together and refused to acknowledge him as lord.

By Merlin's advice, he sent to two famous kings in Gaul, who came and helped him to put down his enemies, and afterwards he went over to Gaul and helped them to conquer all their foes. So there was a great friendship between Arthur and these knights, Sir Ban and Sir Bors.

As soon as Arthur had conquered the eleven kings, and the country was at peace, he decided to establish his court and the famous Round Table. The place he chose was the city of Camelot in Wales, a beautiful little city situated on a hill.

Again he called on Merlin, the wise enchanter, for help and advice. Merlin took the entire care of building the palace, and because he could do so many things by magic, he was able to have the splendid edifice all ready for the court in less than a week.

In the main part of this palace, there was an immense hall made of white marble with marble pillars of many colors. The large doorway was in the form of an arch, and there were fourteen high windows, through which the light fell in soft colors on the marble floors.

Under the windows were piles of lances and spears, and against the wall many stone shields which belonged to the knights. In the center stood Arthur's famous shield, on which was carved the figure of the Blessed Virgin. This he always carried before him whenever he went to battle.

The walls were hung with tapestries woven by the ladies of the land for this new palace of the king. These tapestries were pictures in cloth, each one representing some story in King Arthur's life, the drawing of the magic sword out of the stone, his many battles and wars and his deeds of kindness and justice to his people.

Higher up the walls were rows of beautiful statues. The lowest row represented wild beasts slaying men; the second row, men slaying wild beasts; the third row represented warriors who were good, peaceful men working for themselves, but fair and honest with one another; and the fourth row, men caring for the sick, weak and defenseless, and showing mercy to great numbers of men, women and little children. Over all was one statue, which had the face of Arthur. And underneath were the words, as if spoken by the king, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

All this was the work of Merlin, the wise magician. He intended to show by the first row that the evil in some men was greater than the good, and killed the good as the beasts were slaying the men. By the second row, where

men were slaying wild beasts, he showed that the good was stronger than the evil and conquered it. After men had killed the beast-like evil in themselves, they became just, honest and peaceable; this was shown in the third row. Finally, under the leadership and example of Good King Arthur, they would become almost as perfect as angels; this was shown by the fourth row.

It was here to this splendid palace that King Arthur brought the beautiful Queen Guinevere. She was the daughter of King Leodegrance, one of those whom Arthur had helped in bringing their kingdoms to peace and order.

When Arthur saw this fair princess, he loved her with all his heart. So he sent his knights to the king, her father, to ask for the hand of the beautiful Guinevere.

King Leodegrance readily consented, very glad to wed her to so good and knightly a king as Arthur. With great pomp, the princess was led to Canterbury, where King Arthur met her, and they were married by the Archbishop in the great cathedral amid much rejoicing.

On this same day, King Arthur established his Order of the Round Table. In the great hall, he placed a huge table, which Merlin had made for him. It was round in shape, so that there was neither head nor foot, a higher place nor a lower place. The king wished all who sat at his table to be equals.



From a statue in the Hofkirche, Innsbruck, Austria

A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE

There was room for one hundred and fifty knights, and for all these Merlin made seats. But there was one place which for many years must remain vacant. No knight could sit therein who had the stain of sin upon him. This was called the Seat Perilous. It was vacant until the coming, years afterwards, of a certain pure knight named Sir Galahad.

There were one hundred and twenty-eight who had shown themselves especially brave in battle and loyal to King Arthur. These he knighted at the feast of Pentecost, and he invited them to sit with him at the Round Table. They were to give him their advice and help in time of peace and of war.

All who belonged to the Round Table were to be dedicated to God and to the service of men. There can be no greater glory than such a dedication.

It was a solemn time when these knights took their places. The Archbishop blessed them and their seats, and as each man went to his place, he took a vow to obey the king, to be brave, faithful and true, never mean, nor base, nor cruel. They were to repeat these vows every year at the feast of Pentecost.

Other members of Arthur's court were old, brave knights who could no longer go to battle, but who could give sound advice from their long experience. Then there were young knights who had had little experience in battle, and the

squires who had had no experience at all, and many little pages, boys from six to fourteen years old.

Besides all these, there were the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the warriors who made a real home of this great palace. In the evenings, they all sat in the large hall around the blazing fires, singing or playing on harps, or listening to the tales of heroic deeds.

It was a month before Arthur's court was fully established, and during the time the palace at Camelot was very gay. There was much feasting and dancing; there were riding parties, shooting and hunting parties and all kinds of merry-making.

All day long bands of musicians played on pipes and harps, young men and women sang songs in praise of the king, and story-tellers went from group to group relating tales of famous heroes.

Then there was a grand tournament in the large, green meadow where every one went to watch the combats. Here the best of King Arthur's knights, mounted on strong, fleet horses, were stationed on two sides of the field. Behind each row there was a stage of seats for the ladies who had come to see the sport, and in a tower sat the queen with her ladies-in-waiting.

When it was time to begin, the heralds blew the trumpets and the knights rushed forward at full gallop toward



From the painting by John Pettie, R.A.

THE VIGIL

each other. Their lances crashed against the shields of the opponents and many of them were broken. Sometimes, a knight was thrown, but all took good care that no one should be hurt.

When this mock battle had gone on for several hours, the knights who had shown themselves bravest and strongest rode up to the stands and received prizes. Often a prize was a splendid suit of armor or a sword with jeweled hilt.

During this month of merrymaking, some of the squires were knighted by King Arthur. A young squire was first obliged to prove himself skillful in arms, brave, gentle and worthy.

At sunset he went into the church, where Benediction was said by the Archbishop. The lad was then left alone, and all night long before the high altar he prayed fervently that God would give him strength to be a true knight.

In the morning the Archbishop with the king and his nobles came into the church. The young squire now laid his sword reverently on the altar. This was to signify that he would devote his life to God. King Arthur buckled on the spurs and gave him the sword; then striking him lightly on the shoulder with his own sword, he bade him rise, saying, "Be thou a true and faithful knight."

Then the young knight went out into the world to do some great and noble deed. By this first heroic deed he

would "win his spurs," as it was called, that is, would prove himself worthy to wear them.

The month of feasting and holiday was now ended. King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table had many things to do, and they could delay no longer. They must go forth to right wrongs and to see that the law was obeyed. They must kill wild beasts, drain swamps, found cities, build roads and make the whole country happy and prosperous.

It would take a large book to tell all of their famous deeds. King Arthur was called "The noblest knight in all the world," and his court was known as a place where unkindness was never done, but where truth, justice and love always reigned supreme.

My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;*
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

* *Holy Grail, the blessed cup from which our Lord drank at the Last Supper.*

SIR GALAHAD

Now it happened that King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table were all assembled to keep the feast of Pentecost. And there came a holy hermit into the hall, and looking about, he saw at the Round Table the Seat Perilous. This seat it was which always stood vacant, for the knight that should sit therein must be sinless, and no knight had appeared who dared to claim it.

When the hermit saw this seat, he asked the king and all the knights why it was empty.

"There is never any one who shall sit in that seat except one person," was the answer.

"Do you know who that is?" asked the hermit.

"Nay," said Arthur and all the knights, "we know not who he may be."

"Then I know," said the hermit. "This year the knight that is to sit there, in the Seat Perilous, shall be born. And he shall find the Holy Grail." When the hermit had said this he departed from the court of King Arthur.

Now the Holy Grail was the blessed cup from which Our Lord had drunk at the Last Supper. It had been brought to the land of Britain by Joseph of Arimathea; and by it, men said, many miracles had been wrought. But it could be seen only by those who lived true, brave and pure lives, and now, for many years, it had disappeared

from human sight. Because of men's sinfulness it had been withdrawn, and no man knew now where it might be found.

Time passed on, and fifteen years had gone since the hermit had foretold who should sit in the Seat Perilous. And for all those years the Seat Perilous had stood vacant.

Once again it was the feast of Pentecost, and all the Knights of the Round Table had come to Camelot to renew their vows. The tables were set ready for the feast, when into the hall entered a maiden, who had ridden fast and far.

She, coming to King Arthur and saluting him, said, "I pray you, sir, tell me where Sir Launcelot is."

"Yonder you may see him," said the king. Then she went to Sir Launcelot and said, "Sir, I pray you to come with me to a forest hard by."

So Sir Launcelot bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his armor, and in all haste the lad obeyed him. Then departed Sir Launcelot with the maiden.

They rode until they came to a forest in which there was an abbey of holy nuns. A squire was ready, who opened the gates, so they entered. There the lady bade Launcelot dismount, and she led him to a great and stately room.

Presently there entered twelve nuns and with them a lad about fifteen years old, as fair and comely a boy as Launcelot had ever seen.

"Sir," said the nuns, "we bring you this child, whom we have brought up in our midst, and we pray you make him a knight, for from no worthier hand could he receive the honor." And all those ladies were weeping bitterly.

"Is this the lad's own wish?" asked Sir Launcelot.

And the boy and all the nuns said, "Yes."

"Then shall he receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the reverence of the high feast," said Launcelot.

All that night Galahad—for that was the lad's name—prayed fervently before the altar in the chapel of the convent. And in the morning at the hour of prime, at his own desire, he was made a knight.

"God make you a good man," said Sir Launcelot. "And now, fair sir, will you come with me to the court of King Arthur?"

"Nay," said the boy, "I will, I pray you, be excused at this time." So Launcelot departed from the abbey and rode back alone to Camelot.

By that time the king and the queen had gone to the high minster to hear mass. When the king and all the knights came back, they found at the seats of the Round Table their names written in gold—here ought one to sit and there ought another to sit. So they took their places around the Round Table.

No sooner were they seated than an aged hermit clothed

all in white entered the hall. He was followed by a young knight in red armor.

"Peace be with you, gentle knights," said the hermit. "I bring you here a young knight who is of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea. By him shall great miracles in the court and kingdom be done."

The king was pleased at his words, and said to the holy man, "Sir, you are right welcome and the young knight with you."

The hermit made the young knight take off his armor, underneath which there was a coat of red silk, and saying to the lad, "Sir, follow me," he led him straight to the Seat Perilous. The good man lifted up the cover, and on the seat he found writing which said thus, "This is the seat of the noble prince, Sir Galahad."

"Sir, know you well that place is yours," said the hermit, and he made him sit down in that seat. So the good man departed, and there were waiting for him twenty noble squires, and they took their horses and went their way.

All the Knights of the Round Table wondered greatly at Galahad, because he dared to sit in the Seat Perilous, and they said, "This is that pure knight who shall seek and find the Holy Grail."

And King Arthur went to Galahad and said, "Sir, you are welcome, for you shall move many good knights to

seek the Holy Grail, and you shall accomplish that which never a knight could do."

That evening after Benediction, King Arthur and his knights were all at supper around the Round Table, and every knight sat in his own place, as they had done before.

Suddenly they heard a crashing and rolling of thunder, as if the place would have been broken in twain. In the midst of this a sunbeam entered, clearer than ever they saw by day, and all their faces shone with a heavenly light. No one could speak a word for a long while, so they looked at one another in great amazement, as if they had been dumb.

And then there came a sound like a beautiful silver bugle across the hills, the most enchanting music man had ever heard. And along the clear beam of golden sunlight came the Holy Grail, covered with white. No knight could see it or who bore it, but every one knew what it must be.

All the air was filled with sweet odors, and in the heavenly light each one looked fairer and nobler than ever before. And so the holy vessel passed, and they knew not what became of it.

So they sat in astonished silence for some time, till King Arthur rose and gave thanks to God for the favor given to him and to his court.

Then up sprang Sir Gawain, a noble knight, and vowed that he would follow the Holy Grail for a twelvemonth and a day, and so did Sir Perceval and Sir Launcelot. Immediately, others followed their example, until in all one hundred and fifty had given their promise to go.

Then was King Arthur sorrowful, and he said, "None of you really saw the Grail; you say it was covered by a cloud."

But Sir Galahad cried out, "My king, I saw the Grail, all crimson like a ruby, and I heard a voice which said, 'O Galahad, O Galahad, follow me!'"

"Ah, Galahad," said the king, tenderly, "you alone are fit for this Quest; the others are not. And I warn you plainly, my knights, that you must be rid of your sins or you can never see the Grail. Most of you are men of strength and goodwill. You are ready to redress wrongs, and see that justice is done, and you have fought twelve great battles with the heathen. But only one is fit for this holy vision. Yet you must go and fulfill your vows."

The next morning after mass in the great minster, they mounted their horses and rode through the gates, a goodly company. And there was weeping of rich and poor. And King Arthur's grief was heavy, for well he knew that some of those fair knights would never return. And Queen Guinevere went into her chamber, so that no one should see her sorrow.

So the Knights of the Round Table rode forth on the

Quest of the Holy Grail. And they rode together that day and the next day they separated, each going the way that seemed to him good.

And the twelvemonth slowly passed. And many a poor laborer came to the palace to find a knight who would redress some wrong, and many a widow and orphan. But there were no knights to go forth for these battles, and King Arthur's face grew very sad as the days went by.

And now the knights had been gone a year and a day, and the people of Camelot were looking for their coming. But alas, they came not. Only at evening came Sir Gawain, Sir Bors, Sir Perceval and Sir Launcelot and sat at the Round Table.

When all were seated, the king said, "Fair sirs, I fain would hear of your adventures, though well I know there have been sorrowful days for you all. Perceval, you, who next to Galahad, were the purest knight, tell me of your Quest."

Then Sir Perceval said, "My lord Arthur, I rode forth in great glee, for well I thought I soon could find the Grail. As I went, I thought of mighty deeds and victories. But soon I became weary. The forests were rough and the branches bruised me. I came to a castle where there were many youths and maidens, and there I decided to rest me.

"Many days were spent in dancing and feasting, and my journey prospered not. One night, as I lay awake,



From the painting by G. F. Watts

SIR GALAHAD

I thought about the Grail. Whether or not I should find it, I had vowed at least to search for a year and a day, and yet I had not searched for one month.

"At last I sought out a holy hermit, and told him all. The good man said, 'My son, you have not true humility. You have thought of yourself first and not of the good you could do; you have been too proud of your strength and too sure that you would see the holy vision. Pray, my son, to be rid of the sin of pride.'

"Then went I into the chapel of the hermit and I prayed earnestly, and coming forth I met there Sir Galahad. He was in silver armor and his face shone like the face of an angel. 'O my brother,' said he, 'have you seen the Grail?'

"Sadly I answered 'No.'

"And Galahad said, 'The vision is always with me. I see it on the mountains, in the lakes and in the forests. Through its power I am strong and by its help can do mighty deeds. Come with me and you shall see the Grail.'

"Then we climbed a hill, steep and rocky, Sir Galahad going first. Once, a great storm arose and the lightning followed us. On the far side of that hill there was a great, black swamp leading to the sea and a stout bridge across the boggy ground. Here Sir Galahad ran on ahead, and I was far behind. His armor shone like a star, yonder on the edge of the water. He looked back and beckoned to me, and then I saw him no more.

"So then I wept, and I knelt on the hard ground and prayed, and I wished I might be as good as Sir Galahad, doing good deeds not to gain glory but to help those in sore need. And as I prayed, I thought a great light was over me, and I saw a silver beam, and across that beam glided the Holy Grail. No longer was it covered, but it shone like a ruby.

"And in the morning I found Sir Galahad's body by the sea. He was beautiful like a saint and his hands were clasped, as if he saw the vision.

"And now, my lord Arthur, no longer shall I fight. I shall become a monk and pass my life in prayer. Many little deeds of kindness among my brother monks can I do, and thus my life will be spent."

Then the king spoke to Sir Bors. "Bors, good, faithful, honest knight, have you seen the vision?"

"My lord Arthur," said Bors, "when I rode forth, I thought I would do the first thing that came to my hand, knowing well that if God intended me to see the Grail, he would send me to it.

"I traveled long until I came to a people who were heathen. Much they knew of magic, but nothing of God. Here I stayed and tried to teach them our faith, but they were angry because I would not believe in their gods, and they threw me into prison.

"Here I fasted and prayed many months, and fervently

prayed I for those heathen. One night a stone slipped from my prison wall, and in the space I could see the sky with one bright star. And across the space slowly there glided the Holy Grail, and I was very happy. In the morning, a maiden, who had been secretly converted to our faith, came and opened my prison door, and so I came to Camelot."

Then said the king, "Launcelot, the bravest, strongest knight of all our Table Round, has the vision come to you?"

Then deeply sighed Sir Launcelot and said he, "O King, I am indeed your strongest knight, but would I had been like Galahad. His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.

"When I rode forth to see the Holy Grail, I had many adventures as beforetime. I conquered in many battles and gained great glory. And now and again, men said the Grail was near, but never could I see it, and well knew I that it was because sin was on my soul.

"Then came I to a high hill where dwelt a hermit, whom I found at his morning devotions. And when he had finished, I prayed the good man for charity that he would hear my life.

"'Right willingly,' said he. 'Are you not of King Arthur's court and Round Table?'

"'Yes, truly,' said I, 'and I have had great fame, but

now am I the most wretched man in the world,' and I related to him my story.

“Sir,” said the hermit, ‘you ought to thank God more than any man living, for He has given you strength and power to do great things. But you have presumed to make search for the Holy Grail while still a deadly sin is on your soul. And for this cause, you may never see it with mortal eyes. And now will I show you that your heart is as barren as the fig tree.

“It befell that Our Lord on Palm Sunday preached in Jerusalem, and there He found hardness of heart in the people. And there He found in all the town not one that would harbor Him. Then He went outside the town, and found in the way a fig tree. This fig tree was very fair and well garnished with leaves, but no fruit was found thereon.

“Then Our Lord cursed the tree that bare no fruit, and by the tree was meant Jerusalem which bare no fruit.

“So thou, Sir Launcelot, when the Holy Grail came near thee, there was found in thee no fruit, no good thought, no unselfish will, and thou wert stained with sin.”

“Truly,” said I, ‘all that you have said is true, and from henceforth I purpose by the grace of God never to be wicked as I have been.’

“Then did the holy man appoint me penance, and he did give me his blessing. And so have I truly repented of all my misdoings. I abode with the hermit that night,

and then I journeyed forth. And at last I came to the sea and seven days I sailed, until I came to an old castle.

"I entered, and far away I heard a voice singing more sweetly than ever voice sang. And I followed the voice up a thousand steps, and I came to a door, which softly opened. I looked within and would have entered but a voice said, 'To enter is not for thee.'

"The chamber was full of clear light and there, guarded by angels I saw the Grail, shining through a cloth. I thought I saw all this, and then I fell in a swoon. And many days went by before I made my weary way to Camelot."

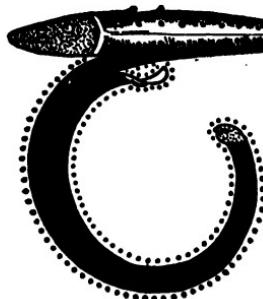
Then the knights were silent, and Arthur spoke. "My dear knights, well must you heed this saying: Whether you see a vision as did Sir Galahad, or do humble work as will Sir Perceval, or fight to redress wrongs, as will Sir Launcelot, your true aim should be to make yourself useful, never for praise, but only for the glory of God."

And the king ordered that all these things should be written in a book that the fame of noble deeds might remain for all time.

LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR

*"His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."*

AN IRISH LEGEND



HERE is a pretty story, more than a thousand years old, which tells how little Prince Coonla of the Golden Hair was carried away by a fairy to Moy-mell, a land of peace and rest far out in the Atlantic Ocean.

This Prince Coonla was the son of the great King Conn of the Hundred Battles, a famous leader of the Scots or Irish, who gave the Britons and Romans so much trouble in the early times.

One day, so the story says, the little prince was standing with the king, his father, and many nobles upon the sea beach. While the king was in deep conversation with his courtiers, Prince Coonla stood dreamily gazing out on the western sea.

Suddenly a wonderful boat of shining crystal appeared on the horizon and came rapidly toward the shore. In this canoe there was a fairy, dressed in a garment of silver and gold, which sparkled and glistened in the light of the setting sun.

As soon as the boat touched the sand, she stepped ashore, and coming up to the little prince, addressed him in a very sweet voice. No one, it seems, could see the fairy

but the prince himself, though all could hear what she said.

She told him of a pleasant land far away in the golden west, where there were winding valleys, shining streams and grassy plains. There, she said, he would never know pain or care or sorrow. There the demons of the air and the Druids with their dreadful charms and curses would never come, and there he could live in joy and peace forever.

"Sun-child," she said, "little prince with the golden hair, come with me."

Then taking him by the hand, she gently drew him into the boat, singing softly meantime in a low sweet voice. They glided swiftly away and were soon lost in the distance.

Prince Coonla of the Golden Hair never came back to Erin. It was said that he became a king in that far-off land of the good fairies and that he lived with them in love and peace, happy ever after.

"Krinken on the beach one day,
Saw a maiden Nis at play.
Fair and very fair was she.
With the maiden Nis went he,
To the summer lands that be
Down within the silver sea."

THE CHANT OF THE FAIRY TO COONLA OF THE
GOLDEN HAIR



LAND of youth, a land of rest,
A land from sorrow free;
It lies far off in the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea.
A swift canoe of crystal bright
That never met mortal view—
We shall reach the land ere fall of night,
In that strong and swift canoe.

We shall reach the strand
Of that sunny land
From Druids and demons free;
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

A pleasant land of winding vales, bright streams and verdurous plains,
Where summer, all the live-long year, in changeless splendor reigns;
A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting bloom,
Old age and death we never know, no sickness, care nor gloom;
The land of youth,
Of love and truth,
From pain and sorrow free;
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

There are strange delights for mortal men in that island of the west;

The sun comes down each evening in its lovely vales to rest;

And though far and dim
On the ocean's rim
It seems to mortal view,
We shall reach its halls
Ere the evening falls,
In my strong and swift canoe;
And evermore
That verdant shore
Our happy home shall be;
The land of rest,
In the golden west
On the verge of the azure sea!

It will guard thee, gentle Coonla of the flowing golden hair,
It will guard thee from the Druids, from the demons of the air;
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western shore,
Where thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore;

From the Druid's incantation,
From his black and deadly snare,
From the withering imprecation
Of the demon of the air,

It will guard thee, gentle Coonla of the flowing golden hair,
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that silver strand,
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairyland!

From "Old Celtic Romances," by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

GLASS

THERE are a great many wonderful things around us, which we seldom think very much about, because they are so common. One of these very common but very wonderful things is glass. We see it every day in a great many forms, used for many different purposes. It is one of the most serviceable as well as one of the most beautiful articles in our houses.

Glass is made by melting several minerals together: white sand, potash, saltpetre and red lead. None of these minerals is transparent, but by fusing them together, transparent glass is made. Is that not wonderful?

Glass blowers take this melted substance, and with long pipes they blow it into bubbles, which they can then form into any shape they desire. There are picture writings on the monuments of ancient Egypt, which represent glass blowers at work in the same way and with the same kinds of tools as modern glass blowers use.

The Egyptians made glass at a very early period, and without doubt they were the first to discover this art. The most ancient pieces of glass in our museums are from Egypt. There are also very old specimens from Assyria and Phoenicia.

There is a curious story related by Pliny, an old Latin writer, that the Phoenicians discovered by accident the

way to make transparent glass. A company of merchants landed on the coast of Syria, and made a fire on the sand to cook their food. They could not find stones on which to rest the kettles, so they brought blocks of saltpetre from their ship, for this composed the cargo of the vessel.

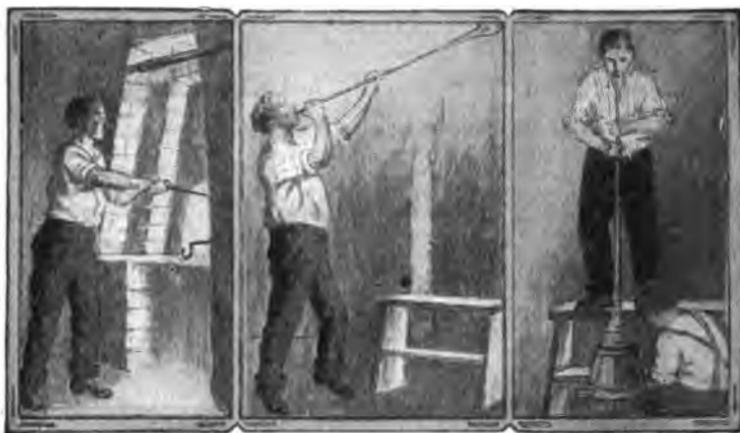
The hot fire melted the saltpetre and as it became mixed with the sand, the merchants saw that it made transparent glass. We can imagine their surprise and delight at discovering so wonderful a thing. The Egyptians, however, understood the process of making it long before this.

The inhabitants of Tyre were famous glass makers, and after them the Romans. Some of the most beautiful articles ever manufactured were made in Rome in very early times.

During the middle ages, the Venetians excelled in making fine glass ware. The glass blowers were so anxious that the art should not be known to others, that they kept it a secret and surrounded it with mystery almost as if they had been a secret society.

After this the Bohemians made beautiful glass, and they understood the art of cutting it, which had not been known in earlier times. You surely have heard of the beautiful Bohemian glass.

We should all be much interested in this industry, for now America leads the world in making exquisite glass and cutting it in beautiful designs. The beginning of this



AT THE FURNACE

BLOWING

MOLDING

work in our country was in the early days of the colonies. A small glasshouse was built in the woods near Jamestown, Virginia, for the manufacture of rude bottles and beads, which were used in trade with the Indians.

Shops were soon established in other colonies, and little by little the business grew, until, during the last hundred years, it has become very extensive and profitable. In nearly every state in the Union, sand suitable for this purpose is found, and there is no finer quality anywhere in the world than in three of our states, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Missouri.

In making different kinds of glass the proportion of the materials is varied. Much patience is needed in combining these materials properly, and very great skill in

cutting the glass. It is very interesting to visit the factories and see the cutters at work. With wheels of various sizes and kinds, they grind the glass into beautiful patterns, sometimes engraving flowers and leaves, and even landscapes upon it.

Although the art of making glass was understood in ancient times, its use for windows was not known. The Romans had windowpanes of mica in the early days, but in most countries skins of animals were used, stretched across the windows merely to keep out the cold.

Glass does not seem to have been used for this purpose until early in the Christian era, and even then it was seldom found except in church windows. Only people of great wealth could have it in their homes. These windows in private houses were so very precious that when a family was to be away from home, they were taken out and stored for safe keeping. Think how common window glass is to-day! We can hardly imagine what our homes would be without it. It keeps out the cold, and still allows us to have the light and sunshine.

The most interesting part of this subject of glass is that of stained glass windows. These also were used first in churches, and there we still see the most beautiful windows, although they are placed to some extent in other buildings.

In the Old Testament we read that God commanded his people to bring the best and most precious materials



Courtesy of the Gorham Co., New York City

STAINED GLASS WINDOW: "THE ANNUNCIATION".

with their most perfect work for making the Ark of the Covenant and for building the Temple at Jerusalem. And so down through the ages, the finest workmanship has been used to make the churches beautiful and fitting for the worship of God. The monks of the Middle Ages were skillful artists and craftsmen, and under their guidance and with their help the work of decorating churches became more and more excellent.

When you look at the bright red and golden colors in some windows, does it not make you think of a gorgeous sunset? We can easily imagine that we are looking at the beautiful western sky in winter through the bare branches of the trees. The artists have followed Nature in these exquisite pictures. It is thought that a winter sunset first suggested to an artist the idea of making such a picture. As he looked at the western sky glowing through the trees of the forest, he thought how beautiful a picture of glass would be.

Great artists have given their attention to the art of stained glass windows, and many of them have become very famous. A window artist makes his picture by leading together small pieces of glass. After the principal colors have been selected, the beautiful shading is obtained in various ways. Sometimes more color is melted in; sometimes lighter or darker pieces of glass are leaded over the others; and sometimes pieces are shaved off by using

a wheel or a diamond. Of course the thinner the glass the lighter will be the color.

If you examine a fine picture, you will see that its surface is very uneven with many little slopes, and hills and valleys. This thickness of glass brings out the shape and the delicate shading in garments very beautifully, a sharp ridge sometimes marking a fold in a robe. But the glass for the faces in a picture must always be painted. When all the pieces are leaded together, a frame is placed around the outside and a cement rubbed into every crevice.

Thus we see how much thought and patience and skill have been used in making these beautiful windows, which give us so much pleasure. But they were not made simply to give pleasure. Their chief purpose is to suggest to our minds some dear and familiar story. A great poet has called them "storied windows." As we admire and enjoy a beautiful picture or a fine stained glass window, let us always remember the story which it tells and think of the lesson which it teaches.

GOLD AND GREEN

Gold and green and blue and white,
Daisies, buttercups and sky,
Grass, and clouds, and birds unite
In a chorus of delight,
For the tender spring is nigh,
Soon will winds no longer sigh.

March and April pass away,
And the dainty-fingered rain
Plays sweet symphonies all day,
Welcoming the lovely May;
Soon will chickweed fill the lane,
And poppies sprout amid the grain.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE RAIN

Hush, I hear the silver rain
Beating on the western pane,
Singing songs under the snow;
Calling earth to wake below,
Ah, sweet April comes,
Ah, sweet April comes,
Who never comes in vain—
Who never comes in vain.

BARRY CORNWALL

GOOD MORNING, SWEET APRIL

Good morning, Sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye;
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair,
And bonnie blue violets clustering there.

Ah, welcome, Sweet April, whose feet on the hills,
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills;
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garment is broidered with flowers.

SELECTED

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

THERE was once a little girl by the name of Coralie who, I am sorry to say, had formed the habit of telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not speaking the truth, and a falsehood that saves them from a duty or a punishment, secures for them a pleasure or gratifies their self-love, seems to them perfectly allowable.

Now Coralie was one of these children. She seemed to have no idea whatever of the truth, and any excuse satisfied her, provided that it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but at last they saw that she told them what was not true, and from that moment they had no confidence in anything she said.

It is a terrible thing for parents not to be able to trust their children; for the habit of lying and deception acquired in childhood may in later years lead to the most shameful crimes; and what parent would not tremble at the thought of bringing up his little ones to dishonor?

Coralie's parents tried every means in their power to break this pernicious habit, but in vain. At length they resolved to take her to Merlin, an enchanter, who at that time was celebrated all over the world. This learned man was a very great friend of truth. He lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent. In all his life he had

never thought of disguising his actions or of trying to make others believe what was not true, or even of causing them to believe it by remaining silent, when he might have spoken. He was strongly opposed to any kind of deception. For this reason, little children who were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from all directions in the hope that he might cure them.

And so it was that when Coralie's trouble grew more and more serious, her mother took her to the great enchanter. He listened patiently while the poor lady, blushing with grief and mortification, attempted to explain the nature of this terrible malady which had attacked her little daughter.

"Yes, madam," said he, looking sternly at Coralie, "I can readily see what is the matter with your daughter. She has a habit of lying and she should be treated for it without a day's delay."

At this little Coralie was covered with shame and confusion, as you may well suppose. She tried to hide her face behind her mother who shielded her as well as she could, terrified lest the enchanter would resort to very severe measures. She wanted her little girl cured, but she wanted it done gently without hurting the child.

"Do not be afraid," said Merlin. "In dealing with these cases I always try a mild treatment at first, and that may be all that is necessary. I am going to give Coralie a beau-

tiful necklace to wear, which I think will effect a perfect cure in less than a year."

With these words he took from a drawer a very handsome amethyst necklace in a beautiful setting with a diamond clasp. He placed it around Coralie's neck saying sternly, "In a year I shall come for this, and in the meantime you must wear it every day. I forbid you to remove it even for a single instant. Do not dare to disobey me."



"Oh," answered the little girl, flushing with pleasure, "I would ask nothing better than to wear it always—it is so beautiful."

Now in order that you may know, I will tell you at once that this necklace was the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books. It was said that by its magic it could reveal every kind of falsehood and deception.

The next morning after Coralie returned home she

was sent to school. She had been absent for several days, and many of the little girls gathered around her as always happens in such cases. At sight of the beautiful necklace, there was a general shout of admiration. "Where did you get it?" was asked on all sides.

In those days, for one to say that he had been to the enchanter, Merlin, was to tell the whole story. Coralie was very careful not to betray herself in that way. "I have been very ill," she said, boldly, "and on my recovery my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry arose from all the little girls. The diamonds in the clasp, which were so brilliant before, had suddenly become dim; they were changed into coarse, rough glass. "Why, certainly, I have been ill," said Coralie, "what are you laughing about?"

At this second falsehood the amethysts in turn began to change and became bits of ugly yellow glass. A new cry arose, which made Coralie herself look at the necklace, and she started back in alarm. "I have been to Merlin, the enchanter," she said humbly, not daring to persist any longer in her falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty, but the bursts of laughter from her little mates so mortified Coralie that she wanted very much to say something which would retrieve her reputation.

"You ought not to laugh at me," she said, "for Merlin treated us with the greatest respect. He sent his carriage to meet us, and you have no idea what a splendid turnout it was. The cushions of the carriage were of pink satin with gold tassels; there were six beautiful white horses, a coachman in livery with powdered hair and three tall footmen behind.

"When we reached the palace, which is made of jasper and porphyry, Merlin met us at the door and led us into the dining room, where a grand banquet was spread for our refreshment. You probably never saw such delicacies or even ever heard their names. In the first place there was—"

The laughter among the little girls, which had been suppressed with great difficulty since this fine story began, now burst forth so boisterously that Coralie stopped in amazement. Casting her eyes once more on the necklace, she shuddered with fright. It had been growing longer and longer as her story proceeded, until it fairly dragged upon the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried her schoolmates.

"I confess it," said Coralie. "We walked to his house and we stayed only five minutes."

At this, the necklace instantly shrunk to its proper length.

"And the necklace—the necklace—where did you get it?" asked the little girls.

"He gave it to me as a present, probabl—"

She could not finish. The terrible necklace grew shorter and shorter, until it choked her so that she could hardly breathe.

"You are keeping back a part of the truth," cried the girls.

"He said I told falsehoods," gasped Coralie while still she could speak. "That was why he gave me the necklace."

Instantly she was relieved from the pressure which was strangling her, but she continued to cry with pain and mortification. "He said that it was a guardian of the truth," she said, "and I have been a great fool to be proud of it. Now I am in a fine position."

Her little friends had compassion on her, for they were good children and they thought how ashamed they would feel under such circumstances. "Well, if I were in your place," said one, "I would send back the necklace. It is very handsome, but it is altogether too troublesome. Why do you not take it off?"

Coralie was silent. Then the stones began to dance up and down making a great clatter. "There is something that you have not told us," cried the little girls, laughing afresh at this extraordinary dance.

"Oh, I like to wear it," said Coralie.

The diamonds and amethysts rattled and danced more than ever.

"There is some reason that you are concealing from us."

"Merlin forbade me to take it off," admitted the unhappy child, "forbade me under pain of a severe punishment. I do not dare to disobey him."

Well, you can all imagine that with a constant companion of this kind, which would become dull whenever the wearer did not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it and shorter whenever she suppressed a part of it, and which would rattle and dance whenever she was silent, it was absolutely necessary to keep very closely to the truth.

When Coralie was once fully convinced that falsehood was useless, and that it would instantly be discovered, it was not at all hard for her to give it up. She soon became accustomed to tell the truth and she found herself so happy, her conscience so light and her mind so calm, that she began to abhor falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing further to do. Therefore long before the year had passed, Merlin came for his famous guardian of the truth. He knew it was of no more use to Coralie, and he needed it for another child who had been attacked with the same disease.

No one seems to know absolutely what has become of this wonderful Necklace of Truth. It is said that after

Merlin's death it was lost or hidden in the ground, but search is still being made for it, and if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should be very much afraid that some time it might be found and that I might be forced to wear it.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN MACÉ

THE MISCHIEVOUS BREEZE

At dawn of the day, with the sun, from the sea,
Came a breeze full of merriment, music and glee,
And as over the waters it tripped to the land,
With a ripple of laughter, rare mischief it planned.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the breeze.

"I will tiptoe along where the clover heads nod,
And will tumble Sir Bumblebee down to the sod;
I will cause the proud roses to bow at the feet
Of their subjects, the daisies, so modest and sweet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the breeze.

"I will pluck the white blossoms and fling them below,
Till the violets think they are covered with snow;
The soft clouds will I chase, with the deer run a race,
And all creatures shall hear me, but none see my face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the breeze.

At the close of the day, o'er the hills in the west,
Went the breeze with the sun hand in hand to their rest,
The sun red in the face from his toil, while the breeze
Was so tired it could scarce stir the grass or the trees.

"Dearie me!" sighed the breeze.

SELECTED

THE VIOLET

I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
 All leaves from white to jet.
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends.
 But chief—the Violet!

I love, how much I love the rose.
On whose soft lips the south wind blows,
 In pretty amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
 Yet more—the Violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing,
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling
 Ere Winter's star is set:
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
 So, love—the Violet!

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
 Bright maiden, ne'er forget!
But learn and love, and so depart,
And sing thou with thy wiser heart,
 “Long live the Violet!”

BARRY CORNWALL

THE BLESSED MAID OF ORLEANS

IN the little village of Domremy, high up among the hills of northern France, lived long ago a young peasant girl, who became a famous heroine. You have often heard of Joan of Arc, and now you shall hear who she was and what she did that has made her name so loved and revered for many years—almost five hundred years, for she was born in 1412.

Joan was the daughter of poor and humble parents in this little French village. Her brothers and sisters used to help their father watching cattle in the fields, while Joan learned to sew and to spin with her mother at home. This good mother could not teach her little daughter either to read or to write, but she early instilled into her mind a sense of right and duty.

Joan was a devout Catholic. She was naturally gentle, unselfish and pious, fond of attending the village church, devoting herself, when not wanted at home, to nursing the sick,—the best girl in the village, strong, healthy and beautiful.

Although she could not read,—schools were not then so numerous as they are now,—she must have listened very attentively to others, for she knew a great deal of the heroes and heroines of Holy Scripture. She loved to think about these great characters, and the brave

deeds which they had performed always with the help of God.

After her work for the day was over, Joan used often to walk in the fields and woods in the early twilight, saying her prayers and thinking of some kind, helpful thing which she would do for others. Her piety and her perfect unselfishness were the two most remarkable traits of her beautiful character.

One evening she was taking this quiet walk by herself when, as it seemed to her, there was a bright light all around and she heard the clear, commanding voice of St. Michael speaking to her. He told her to be a good girl and to trust in God. She said that the glorious Archangel appeared to her again and again, sometimes alone and sometimes with St. Catherine and St. Margaret; that again and again she heard their heavenly voices. They told her that a great mission was before her, that she was to deliver her king and country. And Joan believed the heavenly message and was ready to obey.

Now at this time there was a cruel war going on in France. The king of England had for many years been trying to conquer the country and to gain possession of the kingdom. Instead of seeking to improve his own country, making the people better and happier, as King Alfred did, this king wanted to seize other lands and make himself more powerful.

By this war, so cruel and unnecessary, he was bringing untold misery upon France. Bands of English soldiers were overrunning the country, burning the villages and driving the innocent, suffering people from their homes.

There was now no reigning king of France. The kingdom was claimed by Charles, the Dauphin, as the eldest son of the king is called, but only the southern part of France acknowledged him. Northern France was for the king of England, and this added greatly to the trouble and distress, for some of the dukes and princes helped the English.

Charles, the Dauphin, was a careless, selfish young fellow, spending much of his time in pleasure. He was altogether too foolish and cowardly to perform the duties of a king either in peace or in war. We can thus see that this was a very dark time for France. She was sorely in need of a deliverer, and in God's good time the deliverer came.

Far away in the little country village, Joan, the shepherd girl, heard a great deal about the war. She heard of thousands dying of want and sickness in Paris and in all the large cities. Sometimes men, women and little children, or soldiers who were sick or wounded, would pass the cottage, seeking a place of safety. And to all these, Joan was sure to bring some help and comfort, giving them food or nursing them until they were able to go on again.

Although a simple shepherd girl, Joan understood perfectly the danger to France, and she resolved to save her dear country. Had not the heavenly voices said that this was her mission? Cheered and encouraged by them, she never doubted for a moment, but with the same confidence and trust in God which David had when he fought the Philistine, she went forth to save France.

At first no one, not even her own family, would believe her story about the voices, but at length her uncle took her to the governor to whom she said, "I am Joan, the maid, sent by God to save France." The governor laughed, telling her uncle to take her home. She went home, but soon returned, saying again very earnestly that she must see the king. It was God's will, she said, that she should go to the king and that she should save Orleans. This was a very large and important city which the English were then besieging.

By this time, the people began to believe in her. They gave her a beautiful white war-horse and the dress of a soldier, with sword and shield. And accompanied by a guard, she was sent with a letter to the king.

After riding for twelve days, she reached the place where the king was then staying. She presented her letter to the attendants, saying that she must see the king at once on urgent business. At first, they paid no heed to her request, but she persisted, and finally gained permission

to enter the royal presence. The king stood in the midst of princes, courtiers and fine ladies, all in richest attire. It was an imposing scene, but in her visions this simple maid had beheld glories far greater than those of any earthly court, and she was not dismayed.

She went directly to the king and said, "I am Joan, the maid, sent by God to save France." She demanded troops saying, "The soldiers must fight and God will give the victory." An army of six thousand men was collected at once, commanded by the best generals, and with these, Joan set out for the deliverance of Orleans.

When the English, who were besieging the city, saw this girl coming up at the head of a great army, they were amazed. The soldiers fell back from one of the gates, so that Joan and some of the troops passed by without resistance. Clad in a beautiful suit of armor and mounted on her white war-horse, she rode through the gate into the city waving high above her head a large white banner, embroidered with the lilies of France and the words, "Jesu, Maria."

With the wildest shouts of joy, the people crowded to greet her, as an angel of deliverance. "I bring to you," she said, "the best help ever sent to any one, the help of the King of Heaven." Her first act was to go to the great cathedral, where a solemn mass of thanksgiving was celebrated. In less than a week, the English left all the forts



From the painting by Scherer

JOAN OF ARC'S VICTORIOUS ENTRY INTO ORLEANS

and towers which they had built around Orleans, and marched away, leaving the town free. The city was saved.

But the mission of this wonderful Maid of Orleans, as she was called, was not yet accomplished. She said they must regain all the cities held by the English and that the king must be crowned at Rheims. This seemed to the king and to his council an impossible thing. They asked her if she still heard the heavenly voices. She answered, Yes; that she had prayed in secret, and that the voice had said, "Daughter of God, go on, go on! I will be thy help." Her whole face glowed and shone like the face of an angel.

It is no wonder that the people believed in her, and that the soldiers would follow wherever she led. With such a leader sent by God, nothing was impossible. City after city held by the English surrendered, and in less than a month Rheims was in possession of the French.

The king entered the city and was at once crowned by the Archbishop, Joan standing near, holding her sacred banner. After the solemn ceremony was over, she knelt before her sovereign and said, "Gracious king, now is fulfilled the pleasure of God."

Thinking that her work was done, Joan now wished to go back to her father and mother, who had been anxiously waiting for her so long, but the king begged her to remain

with the army. So she finally consented, and she led the French in many successful battles.

But, at last, she began to have misfortunes in battle, and one day, oh, shameful thing! when she was fighting very bravely, the soldiers ran away like cowards and left her to be taken by the English. She was made a prisoner, and the ungrateful king, whom she had helped when he most needed it, did not even try to save her.

The English were very glad, when they heard this news of the capture of Joan. She had so inspired the French with courage, and many times had led them forth to victory. And the English soldiers had lost all heart, and were even afraid to go into battle for they, too, began to believe that God was with this maid and that He fought for her.

But now she was a prisoner, and her enemies said that she had been helped by evil spirits, that all her success was due to wicked enchantment. She was imprisoned in a castle for a year, and when she was brought forth, it was not to return to her dear home which she loved so well. No, this poor innocent girl was tried by wicked judges and cruelly condemned to death.

"We are lost," said an English soldier, "for we have killed a saint." And so it proved. The English never prospered in France after that, and soon they were obliged to leave the country and return to their own land. Joan, the Maid of Orleans, had indeed saved France.

Thus was sacrificed one of the purest and grandest women in the whole history of the world. She died a martyr, poor, weak and defenseless, but never did a martyr suffer more triumphant in her faith in God. And now she is among the Blessed in Heaven.

Through this little shepherd girl, a new glory has just been given to the Church and to France, the country which she died to save. For on April 18, 1909, the ceremony of her beatification was performed with great solemnity in St. Peter's at Rome. Well may we honor and venerate this saintly heroine, Blessed Joan of Arc. Her life is an example and an incentive to all Christians.



THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

What though the radiant thoroughfare
Teems with a noisy throng?
What though men bandy everywhere
The ribald jest and song?
Over the din of oaths and cries
Broodeth a wondrous calm,
And 'mid that solemn stillness rise
The bells of Notre Dame.



THE FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
 "Thy weak and erring child;
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray
 That God be reconciled;
And on mankind, O Christ, Our King,
 Pour out Thy gracious balm."
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing,
 Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down
 To ken the things of earth,
Heeds not the mockery of the town
 Nor cries of ribald mirth.
For ever soundeth in His ears
 A penitential psalm,—
'Tis thy angelic voice he hears,
 O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
 May still forever be
An intercession to rejoice
 Benign divinity;
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
 Like dew, a quickening balm
Upon the arid hearts of all,
 O bells of Notre Dame.

EUGENE FIELD

From "Second Book of Verse." Copyright, 1898, by Julius Sutherland Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

LETTER TO AN ITALIAN SCHOOL BOY FROM HIS FATHER

"Yes, study comes hard to you, my dear Enrico, as your mother says. I do not see you set out for school with that resolute mind and that smiling face, which I should like. You are still intractable. But listen; reflect a little! What a miserable, despicable thing your day would be, if you did not go to school! At the end of a week, you would beg with clasped hands that you might return there, for you would be eaten up with weariness and shame; disgusted with your sports and with your existence.

"Everybody, everybody studies now, my child. Think of the workmen, who go to school in the evening after having toiled all the day. Think of the women and of the girls, who go to school on Sunday, after having worked all the week; of the soldiers who turn to their books and copy books, when they return exhausted from their drill! Think of the dumb and of the boys who are blind, but who study, nevertheless. And last of all, think of the prisoners, who also learn to read and write.

"Reflect in the morning, when you set out, that at that very moment, in your own city, thirty thousand other boys are going like yourself, to shut themselves up in a room for three hours and study. Think of the innumerable boys who, at nearly this precise hour, are going to school in all countries.



GOING TO SCHOOL IN RUSSIA

"Behold them with your imagination, going, going, through the lanes of quiet villages; through the streets of noisy towns, along the shores of rivers and lakes; here beneath a burning sun, there amid fogs, in boats in countries which are intersected with canals; on horseback on the far-reaching plains; in sledges over the snow; through valleys and over hills; across forests and torrents; over the solitary paths of mountains; alone, in couples, in groups, in long files, all with their books under their arms, clad in a thousand ways, speaking a thousand tongues; from the most remote schools in Russia almost lost in the ice, to the farthermost schools of Arabia, shaded by palm-trees, millions and millions, all going to learn the same things, in a hundred varied forms.

"Imagine this vast, vast throng of boys of a hundred races, this immense movement of which you form a part, and think, if this movement were to cease, humanity woulb fall back into barbarism. This movement is the progress, the hope, the glory of the world.

"Courage, then, little soldier of the immense army. Your books are your arms, your class is your squadron, the field of battle is the whole earth and the victory is human civilization. Be not a cowardly soldier, my Enrico.

Thy Father."

EDMONDO DE AMICIS



THE BROOK SONG

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—

Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples one by one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me!
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water bugs raced round and laughed at him.

Little brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the gold-hearted center of your current, swift and strong,
And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep;
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
 Where the golden apples grow;
 Where below another sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie;
 And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
 Lonely Crusoes building boats;



Where in sunshine reaching out
 Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with mosque and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set;
 And the rich goods from near
 and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar;

Where the Great Wall round China goes;
 And on one side the desert blows;
 And with bell and voice and drum,
 Cities on the other hum;

Where are forests, hot as fire,
 Wide as England, tall as a spire,
 Full of apes and cocoanuts
 And the negro hunters' huts;

Where the knotty crocodile
 Lies and blinks in the Nile;
 And the red flamingo flies
 Hunting fish before his eyes;



Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;

Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.

There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room,
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VENICE, THE "CITY OF THE SEA"

VENICE is a "City of the Sea." As we approach it from the mainland, it looks like a fairy city rising from the water. It is built on many small islands in the Adriatic Sea, and is often called "The Queen of the Adriatic."

In this quaint sea city the streets are canals, and boats are used instead of horses and carriages. The Grand Canal is very wide and winds along somewhat in the form of the letter S. This suggests to us the word silence, for Venice is really a city of silence. Here no tramp of horses' feet nor rumble of wheels is ever heard; the only sounds are the voices that come over the water, and the waves plashing against the boats.

A famous marble bridge, more than three hundred years old, crosses the Grand Canal. It is called the Rialto. There are shops the whole length of this bridge, and walks along the sides and in the center. On both sides of the Grand Canal are many beautiful palaces with broad marble steps leading down to the water. At one time this canal was considered the most beautiful street in the world.

Do you not wonder why any city should ever have been built, as this one was, out in the sea? Many hundred years ago a horde of barbarians came down from the north into Italy to plunder the beautiful country. A few of the inhabitants fled for safety to these islands in the Adriatic

Sea. At first they lived in little huts made of mud. They built rude boats and became fishermen, selling fish and salt from the ocean to the people on the mainland.

In time they became very prosperous, and were able to build better and finer vessels. Many were merchants carrying on trade with people on both sides of the sea. Others excelled in industrial arts. The Venetians were noted throughout Europe for their fine workmanship in silver and gold. They manufactured beautiful fabrics, handsome ornaments in wax and most exquisite glass. At one time they were the most famous makers of fine glassware in the world. Venetian wax candles in chandeliers of Venetian glass lighted the palaces of all Europe.

They were the first people in the world to print a newspaper. The price asked for it was a little coin called a "gazetta." From this we get our word "gazette," which means a newspaper.

The Venetians made grand churches and splendid palaces, for which famous artists painted their most beautiful pictures. They built a great many fine ships in which they carried the produce of Europe to Asia and in return brought back from the East rich fabrics, precious stones and costly perfumes.

The city of Venice furnished ships to pilgrims and to Crusaders, who were going to the Holy Land, and the Venetians themselves took an active part in the Crusades.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK'S

One of their rulers, when over ninety years old, urged his people to join the Crusade.

"Men of Venice," he said, "I am old and weak, and need rest, but I will go with you to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels." This venerable man received the cross which was the badge of the Crusaders in that old and very famous Cathedral in Venice, the Cathedral of St. Mark's.

Next to St. Peter's in Rome, this great Cathedral is the most beautiful and famous Church in the world. It is named for St. Mark, the patron saint of the city. The people

love their Church and have always been glad to bring their richest and choicest treasures to adorn it. Many of the finest things brought from the East were intended for the Cathedral. When the captains of the ships came home to Venice, the first question always asked of them was: "What new and splendid offering bring you for San Marco?"

This grand Cathedral with its spires and domes shining like silver and its walls overlaid with choice marble, richly ornamented, is a vision of great beauty. There are five large porches with pillars of jasper and many-colored marble. Above the main entrance is a famous group of four bronze horses.



Although made of metal, these horses have been great travelers. They were at one time attached to Nero's golden chariot. Later they were carried to Constantinople

by the emperor Constantine, where they remained nine hundred years. Then they were taken to Venice and placed over the portico of St. Mark's, and here they rested for many centuries.

But their travels were not yet ended, for when the French took possession of Venice, they were carried off to Paris as trophies of war. A few years later they were retaken by the Venetians and placed once more above the entrance of the Cathedral.

The interior of the Church is in the form of a cross. The domed ceiling is covered with gold, and the walls with clear alabaster studded with gems. There are beautiful pictures and statues, wonderful mosaics and carvings in wood and stone.

The Church has been called "The Bible in Stone," and "The Book-Temple," for the pictures and mosaics and sculpture show forth the stories and lessons of the Bible. In picture and in statue, we see presented to us again and again the two great messages: "Christ is risen," and "Christ shall come." Centuries ago when this Cathedral was begun, books were very rare and few people could have them. But here in their beloved Church they saw the lessons written in stone, and all could read and understand their meaning.

In front of the Church is a large square called the Piazza. Here stands the great campanile or bell-tower,

so high that from its summit the whole city and the distant islands and the sea look spread out like a map before us. Around this square hundreds of pigeons whirl and flutter, darting up into the soft clouds or resting on the spires and arches of the Cathedral.

These birds are the pets of Venice and for many years they were fed at public expense. Long ago when the威尼斯人 were at war, a pigeon brought to the city one day a slip of paper fastened securely under its wing. This proved to be a letter from their general, bearing the good news that a great battle had just been fought and the victory won.

Ever since that time the pigeons of Venice have been petted and cared for. Visitors in the city enjoy feeding them and they buy cornucopias of grain for the purpose. The little creatures are so tame that they will often alight on the shoulders even of strangers and eat from their hands. It is a pretty sight to see them fluttering about the Piazza and hovering over the heads of children who are giving them bread.

The favorite boats of the lovely sea city are the pretty gondolas. They are long and narrow, and glide over the water as gracefully as birds. These boats are now always black, but at one time they were gaily decorated with fine draperies and ornaments.

Wealthy men and nobles were very extravagant, and



"THE GONDOLAS GLIDE AS GRACEFULLY AS BIRDS"

vied with one another in the richness of their gondolas. To prevent this foolish display, the ruler gave an order that all these boats, whether belonging to rich or poor, must henceforth always be black. In the bow of the boat there is a little lamp which at night always shines brightly. In the daytime the lamp socket is filled with flowers.

Although the gondola must be black, the gondolier may dress as gorgeously as he pleases. Sometimes his costume is blue with crimson sash trimmed with heavy gold fringe, and a crimson cord on his hat. His boat is his home

through the soft summer days and nights. There are no boathouses in Venice, and the gondolas lie in the canals in front of the palaces fastened to gaily decorated colored poles.

Besides the gondolas, there are many other kinds of boats: launches, barges, steamers and now even motor-boats and pretty fishing boats with sails of bright colors, orange, scarlet and blue, which look like butterflies fluttering over the water. There are also fruit boats with bushels upon bushels of peaches, melons and figs, heaps of green vegetables and red tomatoes. And there are cook boats, or floating kitchens, where fish freshly broiled is served to the watermen.

On a summer afternoon, it is very pleasant to walk beside the canals, and visit the lovely gardens where we see magnolias, palms, climbing roses and red oleander trees growing in profusion, with ivy and myrtle hanging over the walls. On the street, boys are baking chestnuts and selling hot pumpkins and pears.

Perhaps, this warm afternoon, little children will be swimming in the canals. Women and girls sit out of doors making lace and stringing beads. Beautiful lace and great quantities of beads are made here and sold all over the world. The Venetians still as in days of old make exquisite glass. One island is entirely devoted to this industry.

At sunset, a long line of men come from the dockyards

where they have been working all day at shipbuilding. From the islands far and near are heard the vesper bells, so beautiful in Venice, sounding over the water with never a discordant note or jangle. And now the pigeons come home to their nests under the eaves of the large buildings.

As evening comes on, the city is all life and gaiety. The Piazza, which is the favorite place for all festivities, is now brilliantly lighted. Flower girls in gay costume are assorting roses and pinks for the night's sale. A large platform is drawn into the center of the square for the king's band, and soon the place is crowded with happy people who have come to listen to the orchestra and enjoy the evening together.

Under the marble arcades around the square sit hundreds of Venetians sipping coffee and ices. Bands of musicians in the pretty gondolas are slowly gliding up and down the canals, while to the sound of harp and guitar many voices are singing the lovely songs of Italy. Over all, the bright silver moon smiles and beams, making the whole place seem like a beautiful city in fairyland.

“Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs
The midnight hour draws lingering near:
And list!—his tuneful viol strings
The young Venetian Gondolier.”

A SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
 There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black, or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may grow and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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THE STORM

The tempest rages wild and high,
 The waves lift up their voice and cry
 Fierce answers to the angry sky,—

*Miserere, Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain,
 A ship is struggling, all in vain,
 To live upon the stormy main;—

Miserere, Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
 Vain is it now to strive or dare;
 A cry goes up of great despair,—

Miserere, Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
 The moaning wind and pelting rain
 Beat on the nursery windowpane,—

Miserere, Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
 Soft pillow'd was the little head;
 "The storm will wake the child," they said:—

Miserere, Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
 He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
 "Father, save those at sea to-night!"

Miserere, Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay,
 On a ship at anchor in the bay,
 And on a little child at play,—

†Gloria tibi, Domine!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

*O Lord, have mercy.

†Glory be to Thee, O Lord!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

AND behold a certain lawyer stood up, tempting Him, and saying, "Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?"

But He said to him: "What is written in the law? how readeſt thou?"

He answering, said: "Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyſelf."

And He said to him: "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou ſhalt live."

But he willing to justify himself, said to Jesus: "And who is my neighbor?"

And Jesus answering, said: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him went away, leaving him half dead.

"And it chanced, that a certain priest went down the same way: and seeing him, passed by.

"In like manner also, a Levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by.

"But a certain Samaritan being on his journey, came near him; and seeing him, was moved with compassion.

"And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine: and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou ſhalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee.'

"Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?"

But he said: "He that shewed mercy to him."

And Jesus said to him: "Go, and do thou in like manner."

LUKE X : 25-37.



From the statue in the Capitol at Washington

A HERO OF THE CROSS

Ad majorem Dei gloriam¹

THE boyhood home of Father James Marquette was in Laon, a pleasant old hill town in France. In this ancient city, famous for its illustrious men, the name most honored and influential was that of Marquette.

Several members of this noted family became very eminent in the history of the Catholic Church. St. John Baptist de la Salle, a near relative of James Marquette, was the celebrated founder of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and Frances Marquette, one of his sisters, established an order called Marquette Sisters for the Free Education of Girls. This order to which she gave all her fortune has continued its good work down to our own times. It is now known as Sisters of Providence of Laon.

But of all who added luster to the name of Marquette or who brought glory to Laon, there have been none greater than James, the hero of our story. He was still very young when he decided to give up all thought of fame, riches and every worldly ambition and to become a Jesuit missionary, a Soldier of the Cross. After several years of preparation, he was received into the Society of Jesus, which is devoted to education and to missionary work. He then served for

¹"To the greater glory of God," the motto of the Society of Jesus.

some time in colleges, where he won high distinction as a teacher and lecturer. But he earnestly wished to be a missionary. He longed to carry the Gospel of Christ to the heathen tribes living in the New World.

The early Catholic missionaries fill a large place in the history of America by their discoveries and splendid deeds of heroism. They went where no other white man had ever been, and they endured great hardships and dangers in the service of the Cross. Many died of exposure and fatigue, many were slain by the Indians, and all devoted their lives fully and freely to the noble work of spreading the Catholic faith in this new land, "to the greater glory of God."

It was this field that our hero was so anxious to enter. He fervently prayed that he might be chosen to go there, and at last his prayer was answered. A Jesuit, like a soldier, must be ever ready to march, and the young priest was soon on his way to Canada.

For two years he remained among the Indians in the eastern missions, learning the languages and customs of the people. His own life was so holy, his faith so strong and so unselfish that their hearts were touched. He was their teacher, their counsellor, their friend, their priest, and from the first he was greatly beloved and venerated.

Later, he was sent to the land of the Ottawas, west of Lake Huron, and two years afterwards to the Island of

Mackinac between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. Here he was to establish the mission of St. Ignatius.

The place selected was a beautiful one. It was surrounded by forests of beech, oak, maple and pine, and the air was filled with the sweet odors of balsam and cedar. From the high bluffs there was a fine view of land and water for many miles.

The little chapel was built of logs and covered with bark. Near it were two or three log houses, and around all was a strong fence of logs as a protection against wild animals.

This was a good place for a mission, for the Indians came here in great numbers from far and near. There were many kinds of fish in these waters, and the soil was good for raising Indian corn. The priests always tried to persuade the Indians to give up their roving life and to remain in one place and cultivate land, for in this way they would become more civilized.

Father Marquette had studied woodcraft or the art of living in forests; he had learned how to make shelter-huts, sleds and canoes, and he knew many things about the life of Indians which a forest missionary must know in his work with them.

Often he would accompany them on their long hunting and fishing trips, eating the same food, new and strange to him, sleeping on rude beds of leaves and boughs as they

did, and frequently on the trail or in camp working as hard as any one of them. He sought every opportunity to be with his people and to instruct them in the truths of religion.

They told him about a great river in the West, flowing through a rich country, and ever growing larger and larger. Father Marquette knew, if he could discover the course and the mouth of this river, it would help very much in opening up the whole land to civilization and Christianity. He yearned to preach the Gospel of Christ to all the Indian tribes in this vast region.

At last, a young Frenchman, Louis Joliet, a warm friend of Marquette, arrived at the mission. He had been sent by the governor of Canada on a voyage of discovery down the Mississippi River, and he brought letters to Marquette that he was to join the expedition. With great joy and thankfulness, the young priest received the news, and the two friends began at once their preparations for the journey.

One early spring morning, everything was at last ready. Mass had been said in the little church, and Father Marquette blessed all his people. He placed the expedition under the especial care of the Blessed Virgin, invoking her aid and promising to name the great river "The Conception," in her honor.

The two little canoes were then drawn up to the shore; the Indians clad in skins, which were trimmed with beads, feathers and colored porcupine quills, gathered around to say good-by; the five boatmen in gray coats with sashes of gay colors, and in leggings and moccasins, took their places; and Joliet in his blanket coat and beaver cap shook hands with everybody. A final blessing was given, and then, waving a last farewell, our friends started away with light and happy hearts. This was in the pleasant month of May, or as the Indians say, "The Moon-of-leaves."

Let us get a map and trace the course of this very interesting journey. Over Lake Michigan to Green Bay, Marquette says they went, making their "paddles play merrily over the water," so joyously did they begin their voyage.

They soon came to the country of the Wild Rice Indians, so called because of the large quantities of rice which grew upon their streams. Father Marquette wrote an account of the way in which the Indians gathered the rice and prepared it for food. In September they went through the fields, shaking the rice into their canoes. It grows about two feet above the water, and the grain falls out easily when it is ripe. This was dried in smoke for several days, then pounded into flour. In cooking, it was boiled and seasoned with fat, and was very good.

These friendly Wild Rice Indians tried to dissuade our travelers from going any farther. They would meet hostile

Indians, they said, and besides there were terrible giants and dragons along the river. The two friends thanked them for their kindness, promising to be on their guard.

So they went on, sometimes paddling over the little lakes and sometimes carrying their canoes through the marshes, till they came to the river now known as the Wisconsin. For several days, they floated down this broad stream through fertile lands, past wood, hill and prairie, with deer and moose grazing along the banks.

At last on the fifteenth of June, "The Moon-of-strawberries," their canoes glided swiftly out into the wide, sweeping current of the Mississippi, the "Great River." "With a joy which I cannot express," writes Father Marquette, they gazed upon one of the most beautiful scenes in America. Here he named the great river "The Conception."

For eight days, they journeyed on through perfect solitude, very cautiously now, for they did not know what dangers might await them. In the evening they moored the boats and built a fire to cook their food. After supper they put out the fire, lest it might be seen by hostile Indians, paddled back to the middle of the stream and spent the night, one of the party always watching for fear of a surprise.

They saw animals and birds before unknown to them, but no human beings. At last, along the bank, they saw footprints of men and a path leading into the prairie.



THE MEETING WITH THE ILLINOIS

Leaving the boatmen behind, the two young men followed this path, and soon came to an Indian village.

As they approached, the Indians came out of their wigwams and stood looking at them in silence. Then four chiefs advanced, lifting high the peace pipe toward the sun. This was a sign of friendship, and the ceremony showed that these Indians worshipped the sun as god of light and heat. They also worshipped thunder as god of the air.

Father Marquette was the first to speak. "Who are you?" he asked. To which they replied, "We are Illinois." This was the same as saying, "We are men," for the meaning of the Indian word "Illinois" is men. They invited the strangers into their village and treated them with the greatest kindness.

The interesting story of this visit to the Illinois Indians, as found in Father Marquette's journal, was used by Longfellow in that beautiful poem "Hiawatha," which never fails to delight us. There we find in "Hiawatha's Wel-

come" the same cordial greeting which was given by the chief to Father Marquette:

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you.
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand bar!

"Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people.
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,

Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How He fasted, prayed and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him;
How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into Heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
“We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us,
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!”
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam.

Our travelers were entertained in this village with true Indian hospitality. A feast of several courses was spread for them. The first consisted of Indian mush, the second of fish and the third of buffalo meat. All the bones were carefully removed from the fish before it was offered, and the choicest pieces of meat were given to the visitors.

There was music at the feast, much singing and the sound of drum, flute and rattle. The Indians afterward conducted their guests in state through the village. The day was spent in speeches, feasting and dancing, and that night they were invited to sleep in the wigwam of the chief.

It is very interesting to read of the customs of this wonderful people. Indian boys are taught to hunt, to fish, to trap, to build canoes of birchbark and to make bows and arrows. They learn to dance in a difficult fashion, waving their fans of turkey feathers, and they can dance even in their snowshoes. They know the habits of every wild thing in the forest and in the river. Every Indian boy is taught to read and to write the wonderful sign language, and with a sharp thorn he can very skillfully prick this strange picture language upon smooth birchbark.

The girls are taught to cook, to raise Indian corn, to work hard and to be brave. They make garments and moccasins of skins and embroider them with beads, and they weave mats and baskets of willow, and cradles of

bark. Cradles for the babies are trimmed with quills and feathers, and inlaid with shell, bits of fur and bark. Around the edge are hung beads and trinkets for the little one to amuse himself with. Sometimes the cradle is hung on the limb of a tree while the mother works nearby, singing, perhaps, a cradle song like this:

Swinging, swinging, lullaby,
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
'Tis your mother watching by,
Swinging, swinging she will keep
Little daughter, lullaby.

As the Indian child learns to talk, he gives to objects names which describe them. He calls the bees "honey makers," the squirrel "tail-in-air," the white man "pale face." Here are some of the pretty names given to girls: Laughing Water, Smiling Moonlight, Bending Willow and Pure Fountain. Perhaps a boy may be called White Cloud, Whirling Thunder, Big Elk or Walking Rain.

Father Marquette formed a very good opinion of these people. The chief begged his visitors to remain longer with them, but they explained that they must continue their journey. He therefore gave them a peace pipe which they could present to other Indians on the way, and they



departed, promising to return in "four moons" or four months.

They were soon once more floating down the broad river. As they passed the mouth of the Illinois River, not far from where the city of Alton now stands, they saw two huge figures painted high up on the rocks, in green, black and red. Perhaps these frightful monsters were the dragons of which the Wild Rice Indians had told them.

Soon after this, on their voyage downward, they encountered the dark and stormy waters of the Missouri, the "Muddy River," bringing with it branches and trunks of trees. This was, no doubt, the dangerous whirlpool against which the Indians had warned them. Their canoes were swept around and around and so twisted about and banged by tree trunks, that our travelers were glad to get through it.

They met many other tribes of Indians along the river, some of whom were at first suspicious of the strangers. But whenever the peace pipe was held up, it was always respected, and food and shelter were freely offered.

Father Marquette soon made friends with all; he seized every opportunity to preach the Gospel, and he never failed to make a deep impression. "I told them," he says, "of God and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which must bear its fruit in season."



FATHER MARQUETTE PREACHING TO THE ARKANSAS INDIANS

Father Marquette and Joliet continued their journey as far as the mouth of the Arkansas River. They were now confident that the Great River emptied into the Gulf of Mexico and not into the Gulf of California, and being very anxious to get home before winter, they decided to turn northward.

But paddling against the current was very different

from drifting down, and the journey was hard and wearisome. They were glad to hear of a much shorter route, up the Illinois River through the Chicago River and Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Here they arrived at the mission of St. Francis Xavier in September, "the Moon-of-the-falling-leaves."

All the men were worn and weary, and Father Marquette was much weakened by the exposure and fatigue. They had often lacked proper food, shelter and rest, camping at night without a fire or sleeping in the canoes in the chilling fogs. How thankful they must have been to see their friends at the mission once more! We can imagine them sitting around the fire, the chiefs with their pipes of peace, all listening intently while our travelers relate the wonders of the journey.

Father Marquette and Joliet each made a map of the country, and each wrote an account of this discovery of the Mississippi. Joliet's papers were lost on his way back to Canada, but Marquette's account and map were sent to Quebec. The original map may still be seen at St. Mary's College in Montreal.

Marquette was keenly interested in all that he saw. He was intent on learning about tides, winds and minerals, and of these he wrote most interesting descriptions. It is fortunate for us that all the Jesuit missionaries kept diaries telling of their work and of all they saw and heard.

From these papers much of the early history of our country has been written, and much information gained which we could not have obtained in any other way.

Father Marquette was exceedingly anxious to return to the Illinois Indians and to instruct them in the great truths of Christianity. He said "They are lost sheep that must be sought for among the thickets and woods." Though ill and quite worn out, he determined to go and establish a mission among them. But when he reached the southern end of Lake Michigan where Chicago now stands, he was obliged to rest. His Indian companions built a little hut and there he passed the winter, being the first white man on the site of that great city.

When at last he arrived at a large village of the Illinois, they received him with great joy, "as an angel from Heaven." He addressed them in a great council in the open air on the wide prairie near the village. Seated in the



MARQUETTE'S GRAVE

center around Father Marquette, were five hundred chiefs, while about them stood a thousand young warriors. Never before in the thrilling history of the Jesuit Missions in America had so many converts been won by a single man or by a single mission.

But the work of this great missionary was not to continue. His strength was now gone, and he longed to return to his old mission at St. Ignatius. The journey was begun, but he died on the way, and was buried on the shore of Lake Michigan. The next year the Indians tenderly carried his body to the mission, and there they often went to pray at his tomb.

In the capitol at Washington, there is a fine statue of Father Marquette, the gift of the State of Wisconsin. We may claim him as an American hero, for he did much to make this a great nation. The memory of his saintly life will remain for all time, an inspiration to men of every class and every nation.



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

It was many years after Marquette and Joliet paddled their little canoes into the great "Father of Waters," that the highest fountain of this mighty stream was found. Many large rivers join the Mississippi, which seem like the branches of a gigantic tree.

By far the longest and most important branch is the Missouri, the "Big Muddy" River. If we follow the path of this great river northward to its source, we shall climb far up into the Rocky Mountains, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. And there we shall find its highest waters in the lakes and streams of the Yellowstone Park, the great "Wonderland of America."

This Wonderland is the largest of our national parks; it is about half as large as the entire state of Connecticut. The park is free to all, rich and poor, for our government has set it apart for the benefit and enjoyment of us all. It is, indeed, a wonderful place with its mountains, lakes and rivers, and above all its natural fountains, hot springs and Grand Cañon.

Every year there are many visitors to this great pleasure park, who go to study and to enjoy these marvelous works of Nature. Let us in imagination make a little visit there ourselves and learn about its wonders, things which we should find nowhere else in America or indeed in the whole world.

There are comfortable hotels in the Park, but perhaps we should prefer to camp on the shore of a lake or beside a beautiful river fringed with willows, or to pitch our tent in some cosy nook in the mountains. Then, with our guides, we can make delightful excursions to the principal places of interest.

We will drive past pleasant meadows and along a brown, sparkling river to visit the hot springs and geysers or natural fountains, and through forests of pine, fir and spruce to see the famous Yellowstone Lake and the magnificent falls of the Grand Cañon.

On our way, we shall hear the merry songs of many birds: thrushes, warblers, orioles and grosbeaks; and we shall catch glimpses through the trees of shy animals, as the fox, the deer and the antelope. Perhaps we shall pass a large band of buffaloes, or, perhaps, bears will cross the road just in front of us.

But there is nothing to fear. All animals in the Park are peaceable and gentle now, for they have learned that no one will disturb them. They are guarded by United States soldiers stationed here whose duty it is not only to protect the valuable forests from fire, but also to see that these many friends of the wildwood are never harmed nor molested.

So this is a place of refuge for all wild animals. They are free to rove through the underbrush, wade in the

marshes, climb the rocks and roam through the deep forests without fear of harm.

Here the beavers are hard at work building their dams across the streams. And it seems to have been the home of these little craftsmen many years, for along the rivers there are rich beaver meadows where their ponds used to be. These fertile lands are now covered with beautiful flowers and all over the hillsides, too, there are beds of asters, goldenrod and violets.

Besides all this beauty and grandeur in field and forest, there are wonderful things here which we can hardly imagine outside of fairyland. We have perhaps read stories of glass houses, glass trees and crystal boats, but we knew we never should see them, and certainly we never thought of seeing a real mountain of glass. Yet there it is before our very eyes, and a section of our road lies over it.

Glass, as we all know, is made by the action of fire on sand mixed with several other minerals, so how could there be a mountain of glass? It was made long, long ago by volcanic fires, for volcanoes were once active in this region. The cliff of jet black glass before us is one evidence of their work. We are riding now over a road of glass so hard that the horses' hoofs or the wheels of the coach cannot break through it.

For a long time this cliff was almost impassable. The

early explorers could not cut a road through it. But when they discovered that it was really of glass, they piled up timber and made an immense fire at the base of the mountain. After the glass had become very hot, they dashed cold water upon it.

You know what happens when you put a glass into hot water or pour cold water over hot glass. So this glass of the mountain broke into a thousand fragments. Then with picks and levers and shovels, the men pried and pushed the shining pieces away and thus opened a wagon road through the mountains.

In old times, this cliff was a great Indian armory. All the tribes of the vicinity used the glass for making arrowheads. It was as hard as flint and well suited for their purpose. The place was neutral ground. All were free to come for the precious material and all were bound to keep peace with hostile tribes, while they were here.

Among the many wonders of the Park, the objects of the greatest interest are the geysers and hot springs. The geysers are fountains of boiling water and steam, which are heated by fires within the earth, and at intervals are thrown up into the air. We can hardly imagine the beauty of these fountains, as they come roaring and leaping up in wild torrents, filling the air with glittering water spray, which sparkles in the sunlight like bright jewels.

Geysers are found in Iceland and New Zealand and in



THE CONE OF A GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK

other volcanic regions, but here in the Rocky Mountains they are larger and more numerous than anywhere else in the world. The famous "Old Faithful" geyser is noted on account of the regularity with which its beautiful column of water is thrown into the air. It never fails, day or night, summer or winter, to send up its silvery fountain every seventy minutes.

There are thousands of hot springs. They are of purest green and azure water in basins of many colors. The colors are due to the mineral deposit left by the water. In some of the basins, the water is calm and still, while in others it is bubbling and boiling over.



THE CONE OF A HOT SPRING, YELLOWSTONE PARK

As it runs over the curb, it cools slowly and again it leaves a thin layer of mineral deposit. The layers thus formed by tiny particles have after many, many years made small terraces, rising one above the other, over which the water ripples, tinted with the beautiful colors from beneath.

Some of the pots and caldrons are full of boiling mud. They are called "paint pots," for the mud is of many colors: yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray and creamy white. Is it not very wonderful that these "paint pots" have been boiling thousands of years? The scalding mud in some of

them is occasionally thrown many feet up into the air. These are called mud volcanoes.

Near the center of the Park is the beautiful and famous Yellowstone Lake, which sends forth its waters many, many miles to meet the "Great River." Cold streams descend to this lake from the snow-capped peaks in the distance. It is surrounded by dense forests. Wild animals come down from the woods to drink and to cool themselves in the fresh water, and many water birds live along the shores, such as swans, pelicans, geese, ducks, cranes, herons, snipe and plovers.

From one side of the lake rise the walls of a hot spring. The boiling water of this spring in its deep basin is entirely separate from the cold water of the lake. The early explorers here told a marvelous story about this hot spring to the members of Congress in Washington. They wanted this whole region reserved for a national park; and in order to show what a wonderful place it was, they said that a fisherman might stand on the curb, which surrounds the spring, catch trout in the lake, and without moving from his place, might boil them in the little pool of hot water at his side. At this the members of Congress laughed outright. They could not believe so fairy-like a tale, and yet it is all true.

The Yellowstone River, which is an important branch of the Missouri, flows from the lake. At first it moves in

a smooth, stately current through a sunny valley. Then suddenly it rushes forward, leaps over a granite bluff, and goes crashing down into the Grand Cañon.



THE FALL OF THE YELLOWSTONE

A cañon is a deep gorge which is formed as the bed of a river is made lower and lower by the action of the water, until at last the banks are towering cliffs of solid rock.

Who can gaze upon these wonders in nature without thinking of the greatness and power of God who has made them all?

"How great are Thy works,
O Lord!
Thou hast made all things in
wisdom."

The Yellowstone River dashing down into this deep gulf makes a waterfall more than twice as high as Niagara. The air is filled with dazzling spray and the roar of the mighty cataract echoes and reechoes down the cañon.

Then the river rushes away on its long journey to the

sea. Through the cañon it sweeps, on and on through deep forests and across vast prairies. As on it goes ever chanting its brave song, it is a blessing to the whole country.

“The river knows the way to the sea,
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity.”

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone and its magnificent waterfall is the grandest scene in the Wonderland of the Rockies. There are other deep cañons in the world, but none like this. For, instead of cheerless gray rocks, the sides of the Grand Cañon from top to bottom are gorgeous with color: yellow, blue, green, white, vermillion and other shades of red. They have been painted these lovely hues by the minerals in the water, as it comes trickling in tiny streams down the rocks.

Upon these high crags, grander than castles ever made by man, the majestic eagle builds his nest. Down he swoops to the river below, or soars up into the sky high above the cliffs, then gracefully sweeps down again to his home in the rocks. It is as if this, our national bird, the “Bird of Freedom,” were watching from his mountain walls and ever like a faithful sentinel were keeping guard over the Wonderland of our Republic.

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The mighty dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Who so eareth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT

THE FLAG GOES BY



Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and
great,

Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

MY COUNTRY

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
 Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
 In wild, fantastic forms.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
 Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,—
 “The Land of Liberty.”

HESPERION

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

LET us use our imagination and take a journey all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to Alaska. We shall see our flag floating over school-houses and government buildings, over post offices and customhouses, over forts and navy yards. We shall find it, on all the holidays, above many a house and store and shop. We shall see the little flags that friends on Memorial Day have placed on the graves of soldiers and sailors.

Let us now cross the seas, and we shall still find the flag in many a distant foreign harbor. It will be seen in the great cities of Europe and Asia, showing where American ambassadors and consuls and other agents of the government may be found by their countrymen. It will fly over grand hotels where American travelers are staying. It will be seen upon ships and steamers, as men sail the distant seas. Wherever we see it, a warm and friendly feeling thrills our hearts.

What does the flag with its bright colors mean, that millions of children should salute it in their schools, and that grown men should be willing to take off their hats in its presence?

The flag means the union of all our people throughout all our states and territories. Men in different nations once feared and fought each other; we now in America



RAISING THE FLAG OVER A NEW TERRITORY

trust and help one another. The men of the South and the men of the North, the men of the East and the men of the West, all fly the same flag. It is a sign that we are one people.

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government, with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. Nowhere to-day under our flag can any man be enslaved. We are all pledged to give every one in the land justice and equal liberty. We

are pledged to give all children a chance to be educated. The flag is a sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people.

Once, strangers were liable to abuse wherever they traveled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us. The lonely or sick American sailor, stranded in Liverpool or Marseilles or Algiers, can find the American consul and get help to return to his home.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government. Suppose every citizen wanted the help of the government for himself. Suppose all the people expected the government to provide for them. This would be as if every one in a house expected to be waited upon by the others. Who would do the work of the house if every one thought only of what the others were to do for him?

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. The flag tells us not of a pledge that some one else has made, but a pledge that we have made ourselves. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will

stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false or dishonest. We devote ourselves to America to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

The flag tells us one other message. It has been carried over fields of battle. Men have shouted "Victory" under it. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and good-will to all nations. Americans purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, by simple truthfulness. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier and better.

CHARLES F. DOLE

"Righteousness," says the book of Proverbs, "exalteth a nation." Our government to be enduring must rest upon the eternal principles of righteousness, justice and truth. The most faithful Christian makes the best citizen.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE!

SAIL on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā	as in ate	ī	as in onion	ū	as in use
ă	" át	n	" tank	ŭ	" ús
ä	" ärm	ō	" old	ü	" rude
à	" ásk	ó	" odd	ụ	" bull
ą	" ąll	ő	" dől	û	" urge
ą	" wąsp	ö	" wolf	x	" ox
â	" áir	ô	" órb	ꝝ	" exert
à	" senátē	ò	" són	ŷ	" trŷ
ç	" çent	ð	" ðobey	ÿ	" hýmn
e	" eall	oo	" foōd	ý	" mýrtle
ch	" mačhine	oo	" foot	y	" year
ē	" ēve	s	" so	ou	" out
ě	" ěnd	š	" has	oi	" oil
ě	" hěr	th	" thin	oy	" toy
ě	" ěvent	th	" this	z	" zero
e	" grey				
ê	" êre		a = ö		
g	" give		e = á		
g	" gém		i = ě or ſ		
ī	" íce		o = oo or ü or eu		
ī	" It		o = oo or ü		
í	" bîrd		e = k or ck or q		
í	" tdea		ç = s		
í	" police		ph, gh = f		

VOCABULARY

[The words in this list are defined only in the sense in which they are used in the text.]

ăb'bey, the residence of monks or nuns.	ăn'chor, to fasten a vessel in the water.
ab hōr', to detest.	an nă'hi lăte, to destroy.
ăb'so lute ly, positively.	an nonnçed', proclaimed.
ab sōrbēd', wholly engaged.	ăn'vel, an iron block on which metals
ab sūrd'ly, foolishly.	are hammered.
a bün'dant, plentiful.	ănx'ious ly, uneasily ; with distress.
ac cōm'pa ny, to go with.	ap păr'ent, evident.
ac cōm'plish, to fulfill.	ap pēar'ançes, looks.
ac cōrd'ed, granted.	ap point', to fix.
ac cōrd'ing ly, in agreement with.	ăr căde', a walk arched above.
ac cū'mu lăte, to heap up.	ăr'chi tect, one who plans the con-
ac cū'stomed, wonted, made familiar.	struction of a building.
ac knōwl'edge, to confess.	ăr'ld, parched with heat.
ac quired', obtained.	ărm'let, a kind of bracelet.
ad ja'cent, lying near.	ăr'mor, defensive arms for the body.
ăd'mi ra bly, in a commendable man-	ăr'mo ry, a place in which arms are
ner.	manufactured.
ad mired', regarded with wonder and	ăr'ti cles, particular substances or
esteem.	things.
ad vân'tage, a benefit.	as sâil', to attack.
ad věn'ture, a bold and hazardous	as sěm'ble, to gather together.
undertaking.	as süm'd', pretended.
ăd'ver sa ry, an enemy.	as trōn'o my, the science of the
af fēc'tion ate, loving.	heavenly bodies.
ăl'a bas'ter, a kind of mineral.	a sin'der, apart.
ăl'ba trōs, a large sea bird.	at tend'ants, servants.
a lërt', brisk.	ăt'ti tăde, position.
al lü'd'ed, suggested.	a văil', use.
al lü'sion, a reference to something.	ăz'ure, blue color of the sky.
a măze'ment, astonishment.	băb'bling, talking without any meaning.
am bl̄'tion, an eager desire for honor	bam bō', a kind of plant.
or power.	băr bă'ri ans, uncivilized men.
ăm'e thŷst, a precious stone of violet	băr'bă roñs, savage or uncivilized.
color.	băr'ons, those having a certain rank of
ăm'o roñs, loving, fond.	nobility ; lords.

ba zäär', a spacious hall for the sale of goods.	chäš tıše', to punish.
be åt i fi cü'tion, act of the Pope declaring a person happy after death.	chäm'is try, the science which treats of the composition of substances.
be fell', happened ; came to pass.	chär'ish, to hold dear.
bën'e fit, an advantage.	chüf'tain, the head of a troop or army.
be nign', kind.	chime, a set of bells tuned to one another ; in chime, in harmony.
be siëge', to surround with armed force.	chtick'le, a short, suppressed laugh.
bil'lows, great waves.	cır'cum stan ces, facts ; events.
bin, old word for <i>is</i> .	cır'a del, a fortress, or castle.
bi'son, an animal like a buffalo.	cır'v'il ized, reclaimed from a savage state.
bois'ter otis ly, loudly.	eöck'a too, a bird of the parrot kind.
bönd'age, slavery.	coll, noise ; confusion.
böt'a ny, the science of plants.	col lä'tion, a repast.
bräç'ing, giving strength.	cöl'o ny, a company transplanted to a remote country ; a collection of animals.
bräe, a Scotch word meaning a slope.	com päs'sion, pity.
brig'and, a robber.	com pët'ed, contended as rivals.
bul'wark, an outwork for defense.	com po gl'i'tion, mixture.
cä'l'u met, a peace pipe.	com prişed', consisted of ; included.
cam pa ni'le, a bell tower.	con çerned', related or belonged to.
cän'did ly, frankly.	con clüde', to infer ; to decide.
cän'ti ele, a song.	con dëmned', sentenced as a judge.
cär'a van, a company traveling together.	con fëe'tion, a preparation of fruit with sugar.
cär'go, a ship load.	con fi dençe, feeling of security.
cät'a ræt, a waterfall.	con fi dën'tial, private.
cäu'tious ly, carefully.	con næ'e'tion, united by family ties.
gë ment', a substance used to unite bodies.	cön'quest, victory.
chäf'ing, wearing by rubbing against.	cön'se quençe, effect, result.
chäl'ice, a cup.	con suls, officers appointed by the government to protect interests in foreign countries.
chäl'lenge, to invite to a contest.	con vey'ançe, a means of carrying.
chäm'ois (shammy), a kind of an-telope.	con vinçed', satisfied by proof.
chäm'pi on, to engage in a contest for another.	cöpse'wood, wood of small growth.
chän de lië'r', a frame with branches for light.	cör nu cö'pi à, a paper receptacle in the form of a horn.
chär'ac ters, persons.	
chäsed, engraved.	

cōr o nā'tion, act of crowning a sovereign.	dis til', to let fall in drops.
coun'sel or, an adviser.	dis tīng'tion, high station.
cōurs'ers, spirited horses; racers.	dis tin'guished, noted; eminent.
cōurt'e sy, politeness.	doffed, put off, as a part of one's dress.
cōurt'iers, those who frequent the courts of princes.	drāg'on, a monstrous winged serpent.
cow'er, to shrink down; to crouch.	drā'per y, hanging of cloth.
crāfts'man, a mechanic.	drāyঃ, wagons; low carts.
erēst, the foamy top of a wave.	ēch'o, a sound reflected or sent back.
crōft, a small, inclosed field.	eclīpse', a temporary darkening.
croōn, to sing softly.	ēd it ō'ri al, an article by the editor.
crude, in its natural state; raw.	ef fēc'tive, producing an impression.
cū'dy, a small cabin in a boat.	e jāc'u lāte, to exclaim.
cū'rī otūs, odd; singular.	e lāb'o rāte, highly finished.
cur vēt', to frisk; to leap.	em bār'assed, confused.
de cēp'tion, act of misleading.	ēm'i nent, famous, distinguished.
dēd'i cā ted, set apart; consecrated.	ēm'per or, the sovereign of an empire.
de fī'ant ly, in an opposing manner.	ēm'pha siz ing, pronouncing with stress of voice.
de jēct'ed, cast down; dispirited.	en chānt'ment, under a charm.
dēl'i ca qies, dainties.	en coun'ter, a fight; a skirmish.
de llv'er ançe, act of making free.	en gāge', to bind; to put under pledge.
de māre', modest; grave.	en sūe', to follow.
de p̄ç̄'it, that which is laid down.	en thu si as'ti cal ly, zealously.
de riç̄'lon, scorn.	en trānç̄'ing, delightful.
dēs'e era ted, profaned; treated in a sacrilegious manner.	ē'ra, a fixed point of time from which years are reckoned.
de signs', patterns.	ēr'mīne, an animal like a weasel.
dēs'per ate, beyond hope; despaired of.	ērr'ing, wandering from the right.
dēs'pl ea ble, worthless.	es pied', caught sight of.
de tec'tion, act of exposing.	es tāb'lish, to make or build.
dī'et, habitual food.	ēs ti mā'tion, an opinion of anything.
dīg'ni fied, of noble bearing or manner.	e vān'gel, good news.
dīl'i gent ly, industriously.	ēv'i denç̄e, means of proof.
dis cōrd'ant, harsh.	ēv'i dent ly, clearly.
dis dāln'ful ly, scornfully.	ex ēm'in ing, inquiring into; testing.
dis guise', to conceal by the dress.	ex çelled', surpassed in good qualities.
dis pōge', to get rid of; to part with.	ex hib'it ed, displayed.
dis'po si'tion, tendency.	ex ist'enç̄e, state of being, of living.
dis suāde' (swād), to advise against.	ex p̄ç̄t'ant, looking for.
	ēx pe dr'i tion, an important enterprise.

ex pĕnd'ed , employed ; used.	hăle , sound, robust.
ex pĕ'ri ençé , personal acquaintance.	hăugh'ti ness , pride.
ex plōr'er , one who searches out or explores.	hăunts , places to which one frequently goes.
ex pō'qure , state of being subjected to influence of climate.	hēdgē , a thicket planted as a fence.
ĕx'qui gîte , of great excellence.	hēlm , an instrument by which a ship is steered.
ex ten'sive , broad, wide.	hēl'met , defensive armor for the head.
ex tĕnt' , length ; somewhat.	he pat'i ca , a kind of flower.
ex traôr'di na ry , remarkable.	hēr'alds , officers who proclaim war or peace.
ex trăv'a gant , profuse in expenses.	hēr'mit , one who lives in solitude from religious motives.
ex ult'ant , triumphant.	hie , to hasten.
ĕx ul tă'tion , great delight.	hōm'age , respect paid by external action.
fă'ble , a made-up story to teach some useful truth.	hōs pi tă'l'i ty , act of being kind to guests.
fă'b'rics , texture.	hōs'tile , unfriendly.
fa çĕ'thotis , merry ; sportive.	hōv'er ing , fluttering in the air.
făin , gladly.	hūm'blëst , lowliest, meekest.
fla min'go , a bird of a bright red color.	hu mil'i ty , lowness of mind.
frän'tic al ly , madly.	hūr'ri cāne , a violent storm.
fröl'ic , a gay prank ; a merry-making.	il lus tră'tion , that which explains.
gär'nished , adorned.	il lüs'tri ous , distinguished, famous.
gĕn er ă'tion , the people living at one period of time.	im äg i nă'tion , the power of making mental pictures.
gĕs'ture , a motion of the body or limbs expressive of some sentiment.	im pĕ'rī ous , commanding, lordly.
gey'ser , a fountain which spouts forth boiling water.	im plied' , denoted, signified.
gi gă'n'tic , huge.	im pört' , to bring in from abroad.
'gins , begins.	im pōs'ing , impressive.
glăde , an opening in a forest.	im pre că'tion , a curse.
glĕn , a secluded and narrow valley.	im pră'sion , a mark, an effect upon one's mind.
glide , to pass rapidly and easily.	im pră'sive , capable of making an effect.
gnōme (nōme) a dwarf ; a goblin.	im prōmp'tu , off-hand, without previous preparation.
gōn'do la , a pleasure boat in Venice.	In can tă'tion , enchantment.
grăp'ple , to contend in close fight.	in cĕn'tive , motive, encouragement.
grăt'ly , to humor.	
grēet , to hail ; to salute.	
grōs'bēak , a kind of bird.	
hăll'ing , calling, saluting.	

In'gi dent, an event, a fact.	in viſ'i ble, that cannot be seen.
in crēased', grown larger.	Ir re ſiſt'i bly, in a manner not to be resisted.
In de pēnd'en ce, state of being free, not relying upon others.	i tāl'i cized, printed in Italic letters.
in dif'fer ent, feeling no interest.	Jun_gle, land mostly covered with brushwood and trees.
In dig nā'tion, anger, wrath.	ken, to know.
in dūce'ment, motive, reason.	kin'dred, relatives.
in dūlg'ing, yielding to the desire of.	knight (nīt), one admitted to a certain military rank.
In'dus try, employment.	la bō'ri oūs ly, with difficulty.
In'fi del, one who disbelieves the divine institution of Christianity.	lānce, a spear.
in filct', to lay or send as a punishment.	lāunch, to expatiate in language.
In'flu ençe, moral power to lead or control.	lau'rel, a shrub. Student honors were formerly shown by a crown of laurel.
In flu en'tial, using moral power.	lēa, a field.
In for ma'tion, knowledge gained from reading or instruction.	lēst, for fear that.
In hab'it ants, those who reside in a place.	li'a ble, likely, used of something evil likely to happen.
In hēr'it ançe, that which a man has, as an heir.	lit'ing, merrily singing.
In nū'mer a ble, without number.	lit'er a tūre, writings of especial beauty.
In quīq'li tive, prying, curious.	loy'al, faithful to the government.
In ſiſt', to be urgent or pressing.	lūſter, splendor, brightness.
In ſpire', to affect, as by a supernatural influence.	lūx'u ry, excess in costly dress or living.
In'stant ly, immediately.	māg'ic, enchantment, witchcraft.
In ſtilled', poured in by slow degrees.	ma gl'cian, one skilled in magic.
In ſtric'tion, precept, information.	māg'ni fied, praised, extolled.
In ſult', to treat with abuse.	mag nō'lī a, a tree having large fragrant flowers.
In tēn'se', extreme.	māll, armor.
In tēn'tion, design, purpose.	māin, the ocean as distinguished from a bay, gulf, etc.
In tēnt'ly, attentively.	māin'te nance, means of living.
In ter cē'sion, prayer or solicitation to one in favor of another.	ma jēs'tic, splendid, grand.
In ter ſect', to divide into parts.	māl'a dy, illness, disease.
In'ter val, a space between any two events.	māl'īce, unprovoked spite.
In to nā'tion, the quality of a voice.	ma li'cious, indulging hatred or malice.
In trāe'ta ble, perverse, obstinate.	

män u fæ'cured, made from raw materials.	öb'sta cle, anything that hinders progress.
mär'tyr, one who suffers death for the truth of the Gospel.	oe cä'gion, an occurrence.
mär'vel ous, wonderful.	öff'spring, a child, a descendant.
mäs'sive, heavy.	öm'ni bus, a large carriage for carrying many people.
ma tē'rī al, the substance of which anything is made.	öp por tū'ni ty, occasion, occurrence.
mēd i tā'tion, close thought.	op prēs'sion, act of oppressing.
mér'chan dīsē, trade.	ör'chids, flowers of a certain family.
mērgéd', swallowed up.	ör'gan ize, to arrange.
mill'wright, one who makes mills.	o rig'i nal, source.
mīn'a ret, a turret on a mosque.	o rig'i nātē, to begin to exist.
mīn'er al, any inorganic substance composed of chemicals.	out'rāge, abuse.
mīn'i a ture, on a small scale.	pāgē, a young attendant on a great person.
mīn'is ter, to supply, to serve; a servant.	pāl an quin' (kēn), a covered carriage used in the East, borne on men's shoulders.
mīr'a ele, a supernatural event.	par ti'tion, that which divides.
mī räc'u lōūs, supernaturally wonderful.	pā'slion ate, easily moved to anger.
mōat, a deep trench around a castle.	pā'tri ot lām, love of country.
mōe'ca sing, shoes of soft leather without soles.	pā'tron, one who supports or protects.
mo lēst'ed, disturbed.	per fōrm'ance, exhibition.
mōn'arch y, a government in which the chief power is in the hands of one ruler.	pēr'il oōs, full of danger.
mōr ti fi cä'tion, vexation, shame.	pēr'ish, to die.
mo sā'lc, inlaid pieces of colored stone.	per ni'clōūs, destructive.
mōsque (mōsk), a Mohammedan place of worship.	per plēx'i ty, state of being perplexed or troubled.
mu gē'um, a collection of curiosities or works of art.	pēr'se cute, to vex, to pursue.
mýs'te ries, things beyond human understanding until explained.	pēr se vēr'ing, persisting.
mýs'ti fied, perplexed.	per sist', to continue fixed in a course of action.
nāught (nawt), nothing.	per suād'ed, influenced by argument.
öb'du rate, hardened in feelings.	pēt'als, the colored leaves of a flower.
öb sēr vā'tion, act of noting some fact.	phā'u'tom, an airy spirit, a specter.
	phē'ses, appearances.
	phi lōs'o pher, one familiar with the principles of nature and morality.
	phi lōs'o phy, knowledge of powers and laws of nature.

pi'e ty, zealous devotion to God.	prō's'per ōtis, successful ; favorable.
pi'lot, to guide a ship at sea.	prō'test, a declaration of opinion against some act.
pi'o meer', a first settler.	prōv'erb, a maxim, an adage.
pi'rate, a robber on the sea.	püb'li can, a collector of tribute.
plan tā'tion, a large estate.	pūr'port, meaning.
plēdge, anything given or considered as a security.	pur sū'ers, those who follow with an aim to overtake.
plēn'tl ful, ample.	pur stit', a following with haste.
plück'y, having courage, spirited.	pūz'zled, perplexed.
plün'der, to spoil ; to pillage.	quaffed, drank.
pōr'eu pine, a quadruped with spines or sharp prickles.	qual'i ty, natural property.
pōr'phy ry, a kind of rock.	quips, retorts ; taunts.
pōr tem'tōs, foreshadowing ill.	quōth, said.
pōr'ti co, a porch.	rā'di ant, sending forth rays of light or heat.
pōv'er ty, want of means of subsistence.	raft'ers, roof timbers.
pow'dered, reduced to particles.	rāid, a hostile incursion.
pre cēd'ed, went before.	rāp'ture, extreme joy or pleasure.
prēc'i pīce, a very steep place.	rāv'hide, untanned leather.
pre cīse', exact.	rēa'son a ble, within due limits.
prēs'ure, condition of being pressed.	rēck'less, rashly negligent.
prēs'to, quickly ; suddenly.	rēe ol lēc'tion, act of recalling to the memory.
pried, raised with a lever.	re count'ing, relating in detail.
prime, one of the canonical hours, that following lauds.	re cov'ered, obtained again.
prin'ci ple, right and settled rule of conduct.	re drēss', to set right.
pri vā'tion, want.	re en fōrce'ment, additional force.
priv'i lege, a peculiar benefit.	re flēct', to give back an image.
pro cēd'ed, went forward.	re fōrm', to form or shape anew.
pro clāim', to announce.	re fēuge, shelter from danger.
prōd'i gy, anything wonderful, out of the course of nature.	re gārd'ed, considered.
prōf'i t a ble, yielding profit.	re grēt'ed, was sorry for.
pro grēs'sive, moving forward ; improving.	re gē'u late, to adjust by rule.
prōm'i nent, likely to attract attention.	re lāt'ed, narrated ; told over.
pre pōr'tion, equal or just share.	re liēved', made less burdensome.
prōs'pect, a widely extended view.	re lūc'tant ly, unwillingly.
	re pair'ing, putting back in good condition.
	re pōrt'ed, gave an account of ; told.

rēp rō gōnt'ed, showed ; indicated.	sēūr'y ing, hurrying as if to elude observation.
rēp u tā'tion, public esteem.	self-pos ses'sion, calmness.
re quire', to insist upon having.	sēn'try, a soldier on guard.
rēs'cue, deliverance from danger.	sēp'u l chre, a grave.
re gēm'b lance, likeness.	se rēne', clear and calm:
re gēm'b ling, being like to.	sē'ri ots' ness, gravity of manner.
rēg'er voir (vwör), a place where water is collected.	sērv'ice a ble, beneficial.
re glist'an ce, act of withstand ing.	shēen'est, brightest ; most splendid.
rēs'o lute, firm ; determined.	shiēld, a broad piece of defensive armor borne on the arm.
re gōrt', to go ; also a place to which one goes ; a haunt.	shrūnk, contracted.
re triēve', to restore from loss.	sig'nal, a sign agreed upon.
re vēal', to make known.	sig nif'i cant ly, done as a sign.
rēv'er ençe, awe.	sig'ni fy, to make known by a sign.
rīval ry, being in pursuit of the same object.	sit'u a ted, placed, fixed.
rōck'et, a plant having a flower which opens at night.	skel'e ton, general structure or frame of anything.
ro mān'ges, extravagant stories.	skill'ful ly, with skill or dexterity.
route, a course traveled.	sledg'es, large vehicles on runners.
rōd'der, the instrument by which a ship is steered.	slouched, made to hang down in a heavy, awkward way.
rue'ful est, most mournful.	slūg'gard, a drone ; a person habitually lazy.
rue'ful ly, mournfully.	slūjce, a passage for water with a gate for regulating the flow.
sac'rī fice (fiz) to surrender something for the sake of something else.	snāp'drag on, a plant and its flower.
sa gā' clous, wise.	so lēm'ni ty, a religious rite or ceremony.
salt pē'ter, rock-salt ; niter.	sōl'i tude, state of being alone.
sät'u rā' ted, soaked.	sōught (sawt), tried to find.
sav'age, uncivilized ; wild.	sōv'er eign (sūv'er in), supreme in power.
scare'crow, anything set up to frighten crows.	spēc'i men, sample.
scēp'ter, a staff borne by kings and queens.	spūr, an instrument with sharp points worn on a horseman's heels.
scout, one sent out to gain tidings of the movements of an enemy.	squad'ron, a body of cavalry.
scrāg'gly, rough ; with irregular points.	stēed, a spirited horse.
sculp'ture, carved work.	strānd, shore of the sea or of a lake.
	striek'en, struck ; smitten.

stūb'ble, stumps of grain.	tōd'ra ment, a mock fight.
sub dū'e', to overcome.	trāçē, to follow by marks.
sub scribe', to sign one's own name.	trä'g'ic, mournful.
sub'stance, matter; body.	trä'l'tor, a betrayer.
sub ter rā'nē an, under the surface of the earth.	trä'n/quill, quiet; calm.
su'e'cor, aid; help.	trans pār'ent, transmitting rays of light so that things can be seen.
sug gē'stion, a proposal or favorable mention.	trēach'er oūs, betraying a trust.
sup p'ress'd', restrained.	trēa'ty, a formal agreement between countries.
su prēme', highest in power or govern- ment.	tre mēn'dōus, awful.
su prēm'est, the utmost excellence.	tri'umphed, celebrated victory.
sūrg'ing, swelling.	trūmp'et, a kind of wind instrument.
sur round', to inclose on all sides.	twālīn, two.
sur vive', to remain alive.	ür'gent, pressing.
sus pi'cioüs, prone to imagine guilt without sufficient reason.	u tēn'silz, instruments or vessels used in domestic or farming business.
sus tāin', to bear.	vāgue, unsettled.
swāmp, land wet and spongy.	vāin, useless.
sým pa thēt'ic, having feeling like that of another.	väl'fant ly, bravely.
sým'pho ny, a harmony of sounds.	vā'ried, altered in form or appear- ance.
sýn'a gógue, the place of worship of the Jews.	vēn er å'tion, respect mingled with awe.
tāp'en trīeg, hangings of woven silk and wool.	vēnge'anche, punishment in return for injury or offense.
tār'mish, to become dull.	vēn'ture, chance; to risk.
tāunt'ed, reproached with severe words.	vēr'dant, green.
tēemg, is full of.	vēr'dur ous, covered with verdure.
tēr'rāçe, a raised platform of earth.	ver mīl'ion, a beautiful red color.
tēr'rā pin, a kind of tortoise.	vir'tue, moral excellence.
tēr'rī to ries, portions of the United States not yet admitted into the Union.	vōid, empty.
thór'ough fare (thür'o), a frequented street.	wāft'ed, floated; borne through air or over water.
thrill, a sharp, quivering sensation.	wand, a small stick; a rod.
thriv'ing, prospering.	wēird'ly, unearthly.
tim'brel, a kind of drum.	wēl'fare, well-being.
	where in', in which.
	win'some, cheerful, light-hearted.
	yēarned, filled with earnest desire.

PROPER NAMES

A lăs'ka	Hî a wą'tha (<i>or</i>	Ôr'le anṣ
Al giērs'	Hē a wą'tha)	Ôt'ta wa
A ră'bi a	Jöl iet (Zhō lyă')	Quāk'er ess
Ar i ma thē'a	Läon' (Lä ong)	Que bec'
Ar'kan sas (Ar'kan sā)	Läun'çe lot	Pĕr'ce val
Be'o wūlf	Lő'de wyk (Lo'de vik)	Pĕr'si a (shi a)
Căm'e lot	Lû çérne'	Phă'e thon
Căn'stan tīne	Măek'i nac	Phoē nă'cia (sha)
Căn stan ti nō'ple	(Mak'i naw)	Pi az'za (Pe at'za)
Dom re my' (Dăn ră me')	Mâr'a thon	Po seī'don
Găl'a had	Măr seilles'	Ri äl'to
Găul	(Măr sälz')	Scălla
Gä'wāin	Măd I ter ră'ne an	Shan go dăy'a
Grēek	Men'dels sōhn (sōn)	Spär'ta
Guin'e vēre	Mĕr'cu ry	Swit'zer land
Hăar'lem	Mös'lem	U'ther
He phaës'tus	Mŭd je kē'wis	Ve nē'tians
He răd'o tus	Nar çis'sus	Věn'ice
		Zeūs
		Zuŷ'der Zēe



